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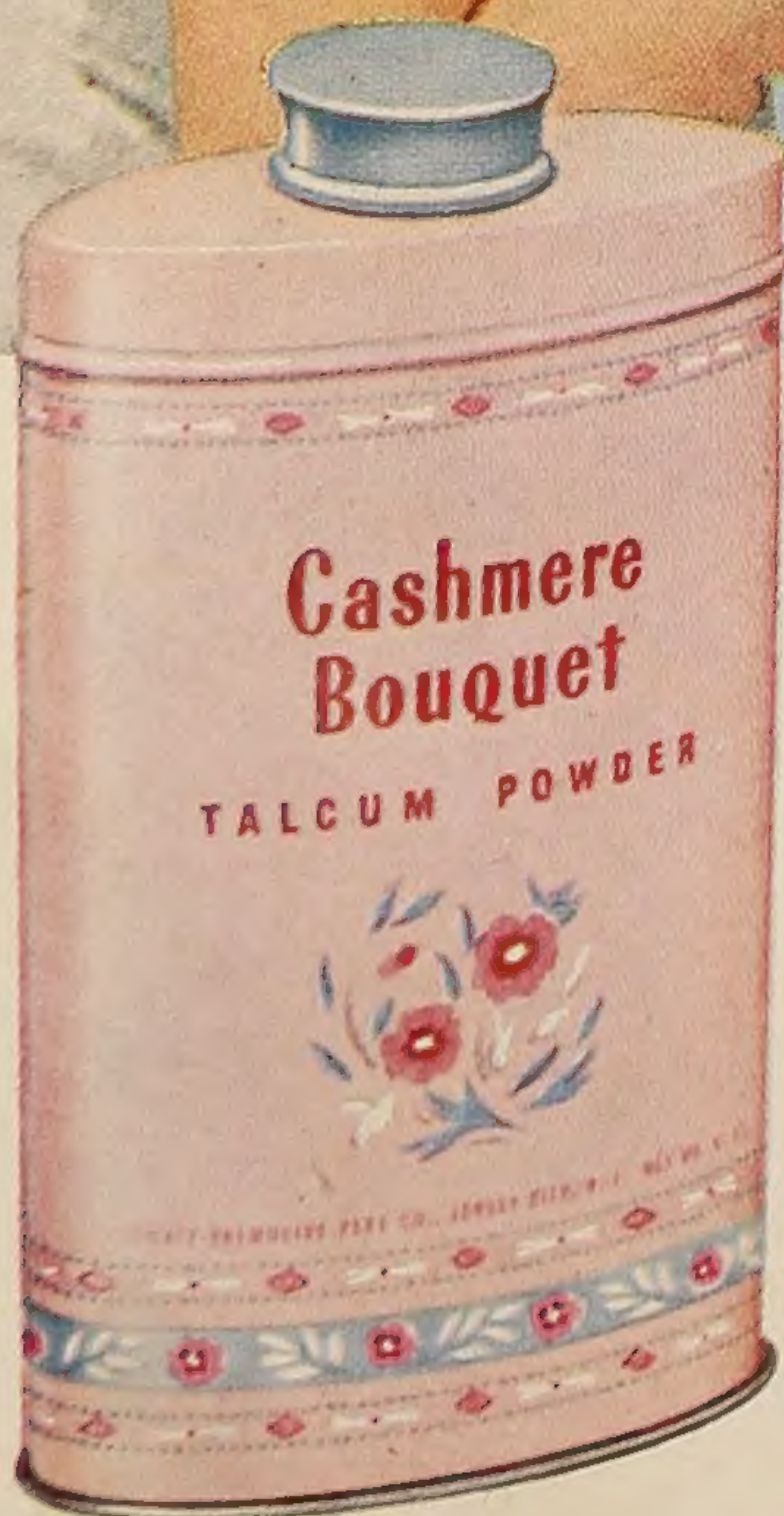
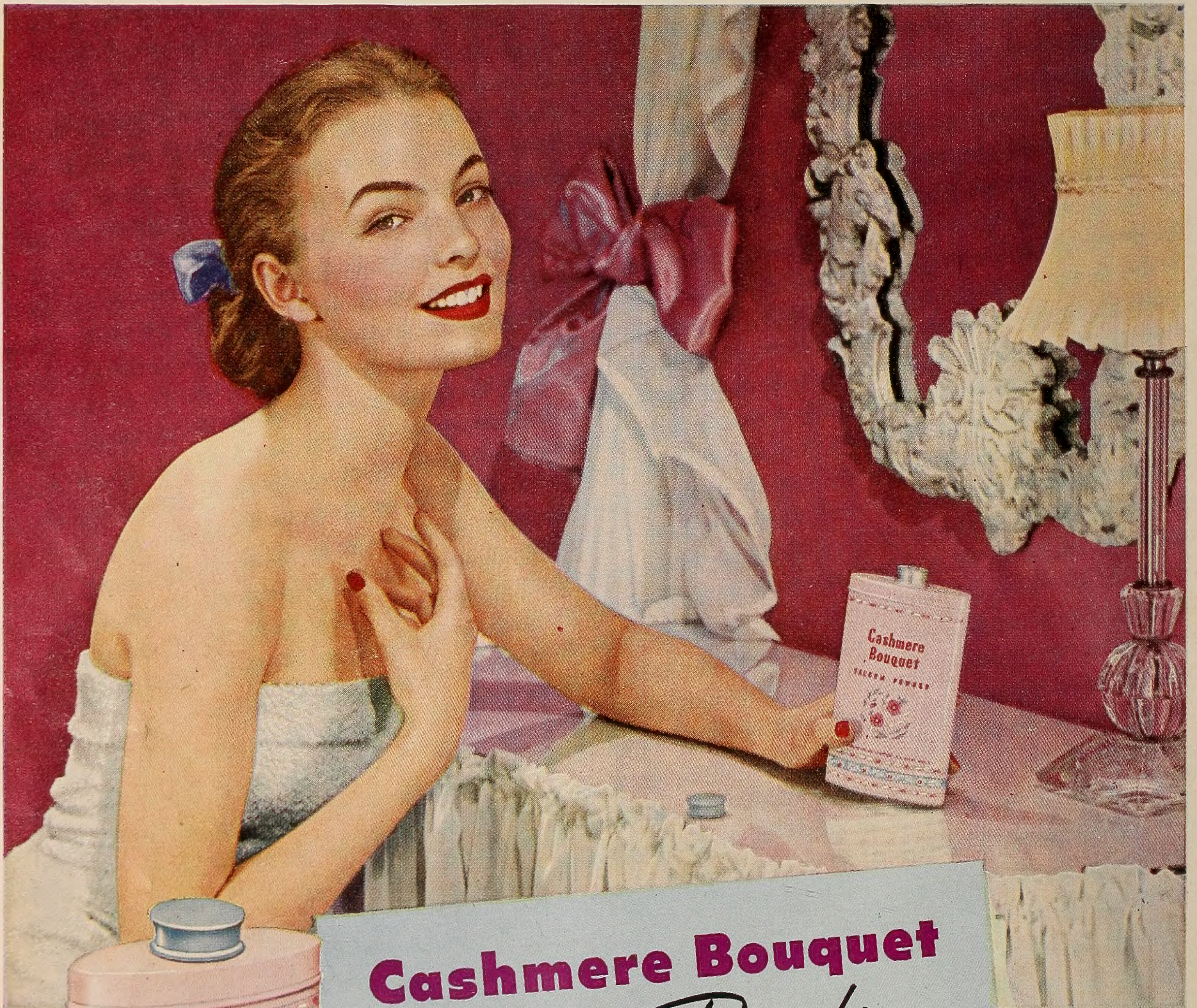


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THE HOLLYWOOD SET

By MARY MARATHON

Buffalo Bill Cody and Wild Bill Hickok! Anybody who doesn't stir to the mention of these daring Americans who left us such a wealth of true adventure stories . . . just doesn't know how to LIVE! Two of the most colorful characters in our history, Buffalo Bill's and Wild Bill's fight through rugged wilderness and over scorched desert to open a mail route to California, makes every minute of "Pony Express" a breathless experience! It's a picture that will give you that exciting feeling of being part of a glorious venture! That's the way I felt. I wasn't just watching it . . . I was WITH it!

* * *

The story is based on incidents that occurred after the founder of the Pony Express commissioned Cody (Charlton Heston) and Hickok (Forrest Tucker) to blaze the trail westward to California. There's stirring heart interest, as well as action. Denny (Jan Sterling), a charming, reckless tomboy, adores Cody and dreams of being his bride. She has some pretty stiff competition in the beautiful person of Evelyn Hastings (Rhonda Fleming), a volatile redhead!

* * *

Evelyn and her brother are on the side of the rebellious Californians who, incited by crafty foreign agents, feel their state will fare better isolated from the Union.

* * *

There's a thrilling climax involving Denny. Your heart will ache for her but I'm not going to reveal all now. Just make sure to hop to it . . . when the "Pony Express" rides your way!

* * *

If you hear someone say "It made my hair stand on end," you can bet that he—or she—is talking about "The War of the Worlds." E-e-e-k! Remember your favorite thriller? That was a cosy fireside story by comparison. When I viewed "The War of the Worlds," my scalp felt as though an Indian warrior from the pioneer days was practising his favorite hobby—with me as the scalpee! And what made me shiver? In a nice, warm projection room?

* * *

"The War of the Worlds" opens on a high note of terror. Out of a sudden, flashing brilliance in the sky, numberless huge, fiery objects come crashing to earth, spraying screaming heat rays that destroy everything in sight!

* * *

What are they? You can't talk me into telling you! This is the kind of picture that has so many surprising turns that I want them to be surprising to YOU. Just go see "The War of the Worlds" and be scared yourself! And you'll never have a more fascinating time being frightened. I WILL tell you that the invaders are finally destroyed—And HOW . . . will AMAZE you!

* * *

There's another thriller coming along that I'll get my typewriter into for the next issue of this column. It's "Jamaica Run," starring Ray Milland, Arlene Dahl and Wendell Corey. I KNOW you'll want to hear more about this one. It's a picture with murder . . . suspense . . . and an underwater action scene the like of which YOU'VE NEVER SEEN!



PONY EXPRESS

Color by TECHNICOLOR

Starring

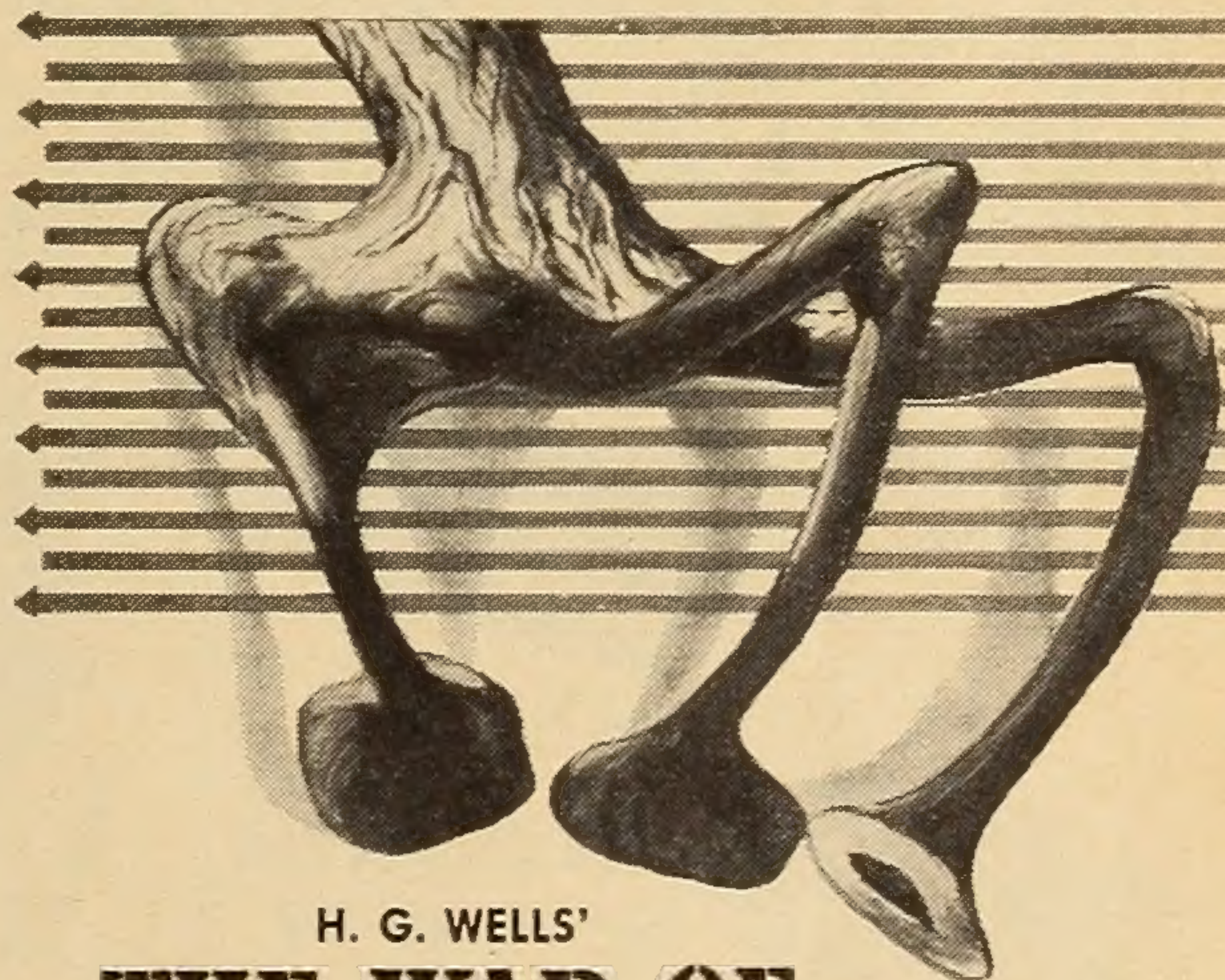
CHARLTON HESTON • RHONDA FLEMING
JAN STERLING • FORREST TUCKER

Directed by

JERRY HOPPER • CHARLES MARQUIS WARREN

Screenplay by

Based on a Story by Frank Gruber • Produced by Nat Holt • A Paramount Picture



H. G. WELLS'

THE WAR OF THE WORLDS

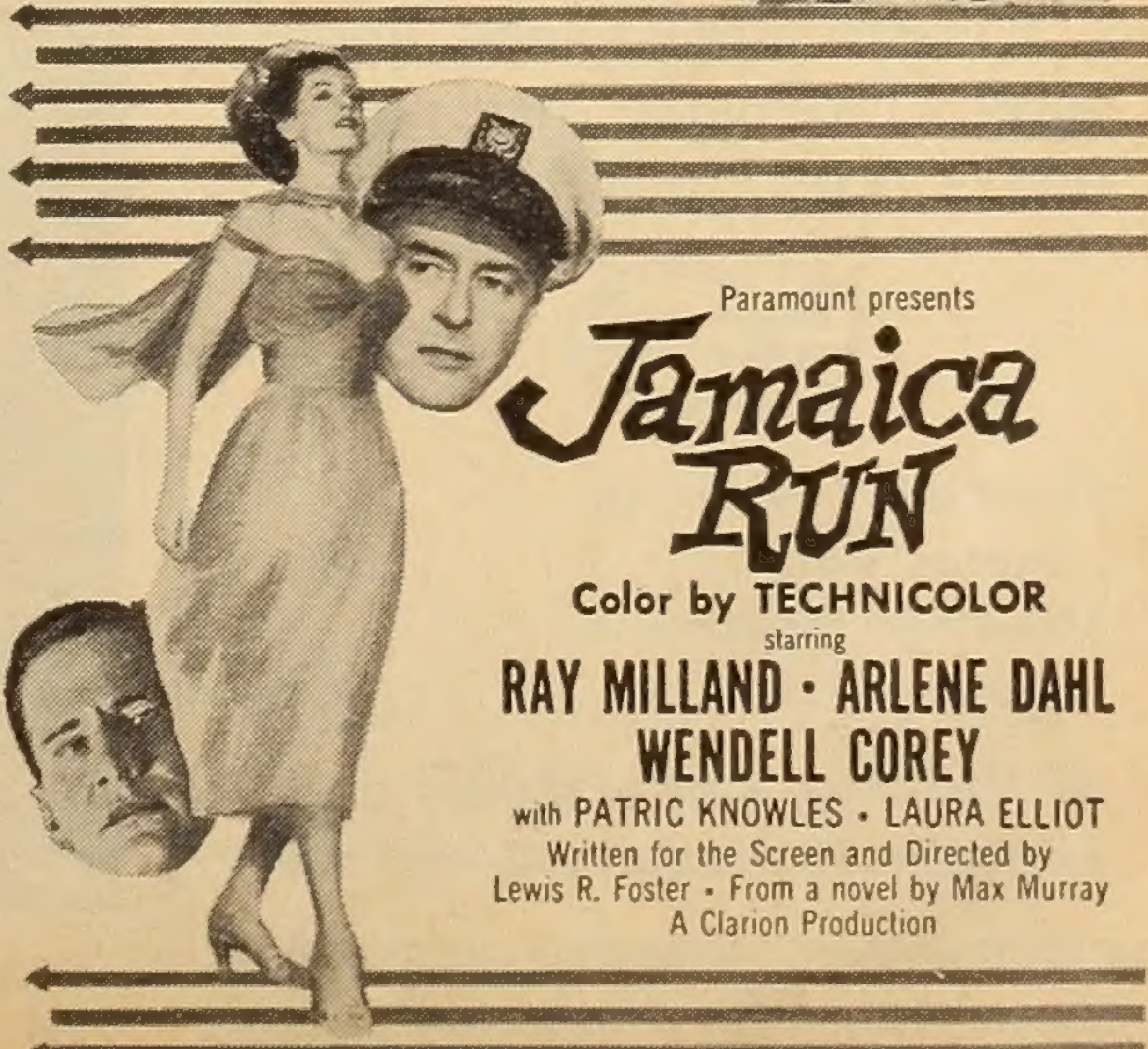
Color by TECHNICOLOR

Produced by GEORGE PAL

Directed by Byron Haskin

Screenplay by Barré Lyndon

A Paramount Picture



Paramount presents

Jamaica Run

Color by TECHNICOLOR

starring

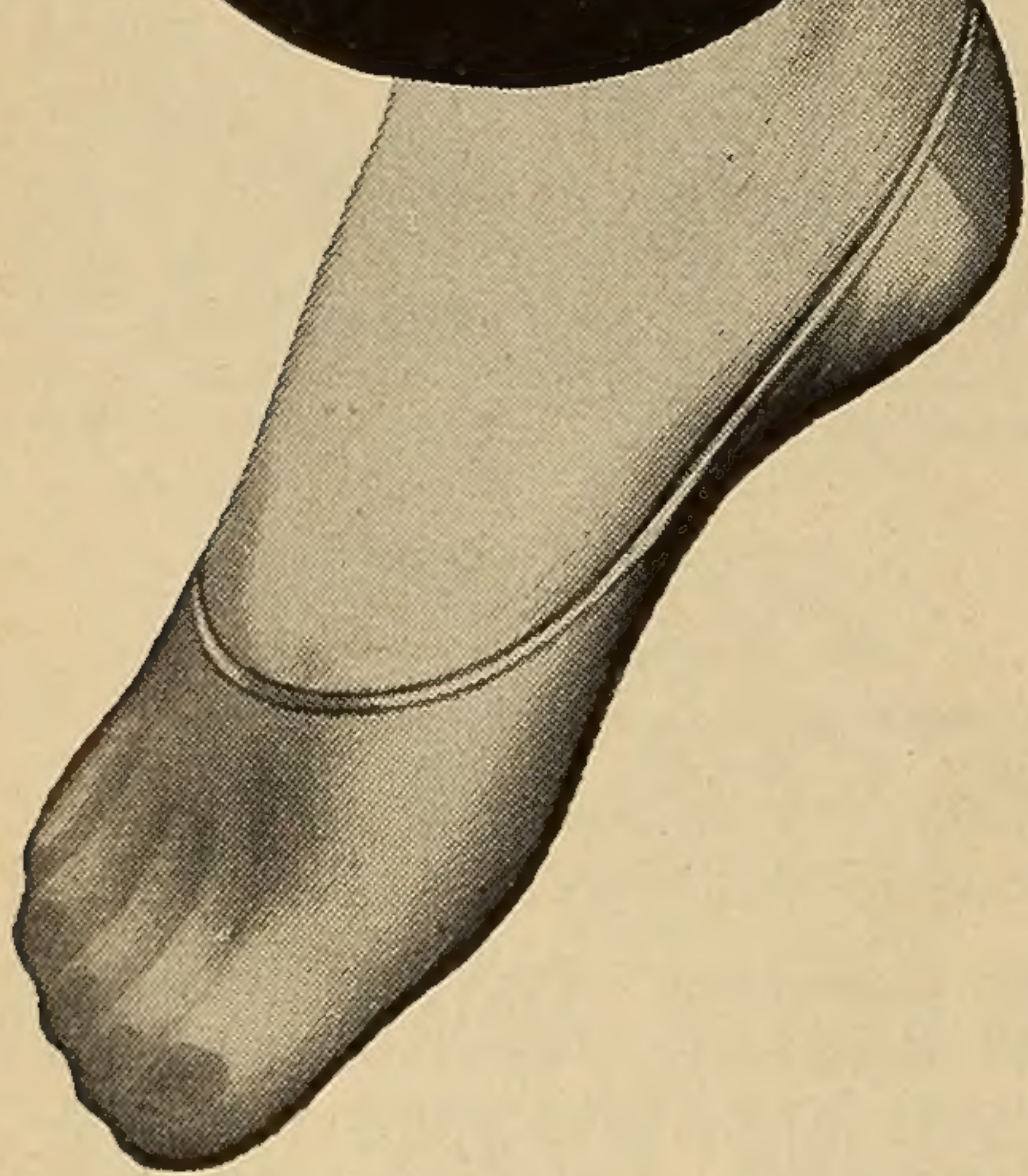
RAY MILLAND • ARLENE DAHL
WENDELL COREY

with PATRIC KNOWLES • LAURA ELLIOT

Written for the Screen and Directed by

Lewis R. Foster • From a novel by Max Murray

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"Desi, we got it!" cries Lucille Ball, as the Arnazes receive the "Emmy" for the best situation comedy show at the Academy of TV Arts and Sciences dinner.

what hollywood itself is talking about!

by Lynn Bowers

WELL you can't hear yourself talk or think in Hollywood because of all the noise about 3-D. Not since the days when silent films went out in a large, fat huff and sound came in with a crash has there been so much hubbub. For your info, if you don't know—3-D is the curved screen processes (there are about a gillion different ones already) that will make the "flats" (new name for the kind of pictures you see now) as old hat as a horse and carriage.

Hollywood's talking about the surprise-surprise marriage of Ginger Rogers and Jacques Bergerac that happened in Palm Springs—the favorite spot of this glamour duo. They're both avid and very good tennis players and P.S. is the spot for all that and romance too. All the characters around the Racquet Club, who predicted this one would never last, are undoubtedly eating their tennis racquets, liberally sprinkled with diet dressing.

The decision of June Haver to give
(CONTINUED ON PAGE 8)



Magic tricks are Tony Curtis' hobby since he and Janet Leigh made "Houdini," their first film together. Here they're at Screen Directors' Award Dinner.



Dick Conte and his wife at Chasen's. They are both in "Slaves Of Babylon."



Judy Garland and hubby Sid Luft at the Mike and Gloria Romanoff party.



Elizabeth Taylor with her infant son, Michael Howard Wilding, born Jan. 6th.

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what hollywood itself is talking about! (CONTINUED)

be left alone, so they gladly complied.

The newest infant of the golden spoon set, with the top-heavy title Desiderio Alberto Arnaz IV, came into the world as famous as any child of royalty and maybe a little more so. Just goes to show what TV can do for a young fellow.

And speaking of TV—when it was announced that the beautiful Mary Astor was making her comeback in a TV series called, "Career Club," she was practically snowed under by picture offers.

With all the—shall we say—more mature male stars like Humphrey Bogart, Gary Cooper, etc., after the Ernest Hemingway novel, "Old Man And The Sea," for motion picture starring purposes who should grab it off but Spencer Tracy. He'll be just perfect in this absorbing tale.

Another tour that was a big success—Carole Mathews, who hit the road for U-I with the picture, "Meet Me At The Fair," which is her first big flashy screen role. After her new one (for 20th Century-Fox) shows up on the screens, the gal will be on her way to stardom. The 20th flicker is "Fight Town."

Well, it isn't often that a stork and separation rumor hits one family at the same instant practically. But it happened to the Tyrone Powers. Finally L & T convinced the press (1) that they were expecting the addition and (2) that they weren't planning any separation. Mr. P. is an absolute sensation in his tour of "John Brown's Body."

The wise-crack of all time—from Marilyn Mmmmm. When a nosey character was probing about the famous calendar pose and asked Marilyn did she have anything on at the time, our girl replied: "Of course—the radio." That's tellin' 'em, kid.

Can you imagine Lana Turner taking up skiing???? That's what she's done, now that Lex Barker is an important part of her life. They flew off on their mukluks to Aspen, Colorado, for the sport immediately after Lana finished up "Latin Lovers" at MGM. This gal never impressed anyone in town as being a sports lover.

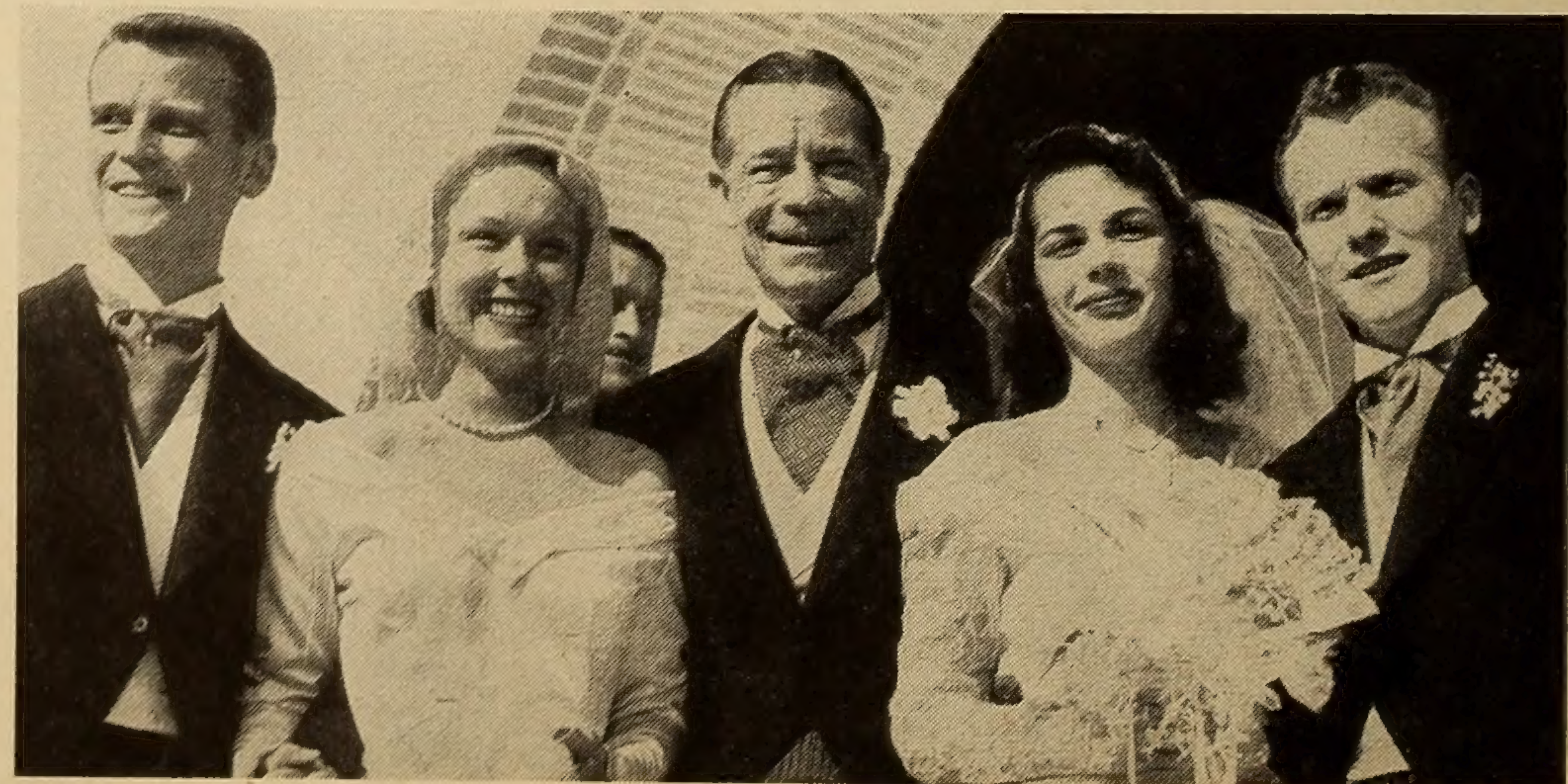
The hot seat that was given Bob Hope on the set of Paramount's "Off Limits" was not instigated by Bing Crosby. Seems he was liberally padded with asbestos



Bob Hope, with wife at the Biltmore Bowl testimonial for Cardinal McIntyre.



Jerry Davis escorted Marilyn Maxwell to socialite Jody Hutchinson's swanky party.



Joe E. Brown gave away two daughters at once in a double ceremony attended by notables. Kathryn married Armond Lisle and Mary became Mrs. Steven Fair.

before a shot was made with Ski-Nose's britches on fire. But the liquid smoke was so hot that our boy had to have a little emergency treatment and double asbestos padding before he could go on with the scene.

The talk of Hollywood is young Harry Belafonte, whose opening at the Coconut Grove was a smash success. He's sort of a balladeer type, but the most exciting singer to hit this town in a long time. You'll see him in the MGM picture, "See How They Run." Tony Curtis, one of Harry's best pals, was so nervous on opening night that Harry had to tell Tony funny jokes to get his mind off the nerves. Dan Dailey, with a covey of glamour girls, was ringside; Mitzi Gaynor and Wanda Hendrix in other parties.

How would you like to give birth to four daughters in four weeks? That's what's happened to cute lil red-head Marilyn Erskine at Warner Bros. Reason she's having such a batch of kids—she plays Eddie Cantor's wife in "The Eddie Cantor Story."

It's gonna be a little tough on Bing Crosby when he starts making "White Christmas" because that young, talented scene stealer, Donald O'Connor, is co-
(CONTINUED ON PAGE 70)



Hardy Krueger, star of German "Moon Is Blue," with Movita Dawn Addams.



The David Nivens at the Romanoff party for both casts of "The Moon Is Blue."



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IT'S THE BEST . . . YET COSTS LESS



That master spellbinder, Alfred Hitchcock, reaches new heights of suspense with "I Confess," which has Montgomery Clift as a priest accused of murder, yet unable to defend himself, and Anne Baxter as a girl who played an innocent part in his past.

Your guide to **current films**

by Reba and Bonnie Churchill

I Confess

BOUND by the secrecy of the church confessional, Father Montgomery Clift, finds himself accused of murdering a prominent Canadian businessman. Although the real murderer (O. E. Hasse), a gardener at the parish house, has confessed to him, Clift cannot break ecclesiastical law to expose him. Under the relentless probing of Karl Malden and Brian Aherne, the Crown's prosecutor, a case is quickly assembled against the priest. Blood-stained robes are found in the parish house; Anne Baxter, wife of a prominent member of parliament, reveals that she was being blackmailed by the dead man who once caught her and Clift in an innocent but embarrassing situa-

tion, and finally, there is the testimony of two teenage baby-sitters who saw a priest leave the house the night of the murder. The priest suddenly finds himself on trial, with the real culprit calmly sitting in the court room viewing the entire proceedings. It is to this exciting climax that the master spellbinder, Alfred Hitchcock, pilots the film with all the emotion and abandon of a runaway rollercoaster. **RKO.**

Off Limits

BOB HOPE packs a real fun wallop as a fight promoter who joins the Army to protect his prize investment, champ Stanley Clements, who's been drafted. When Army medicos okay Hope and reject the fighter, *Pvt. Ski Snoot* does everything to get out of the service, but winds up assigned to a military police unit run by rule-spouting Eddie Mayehoff. Hope's stint with Uncle Sam is further complicated by Mickey Rooney who has aspirations to become a fighter. Hope fluffs him off until he gets a good look at Mickey's aunt, Marilyn Maxwell, and decides that the kid's fight background may be lacking but there're some pretty good lines in the family. Although Mickey gets off to a poor start, he eventually becomes champ of the local military base and wins a bout with Bob's former protege, Clements. Hope, with the advantage of knowing both fighters' techniques, masterminds one of the weirdest matches ever filmed. It's fun, fast and laugh-loaded. **Paramount.**

Salome

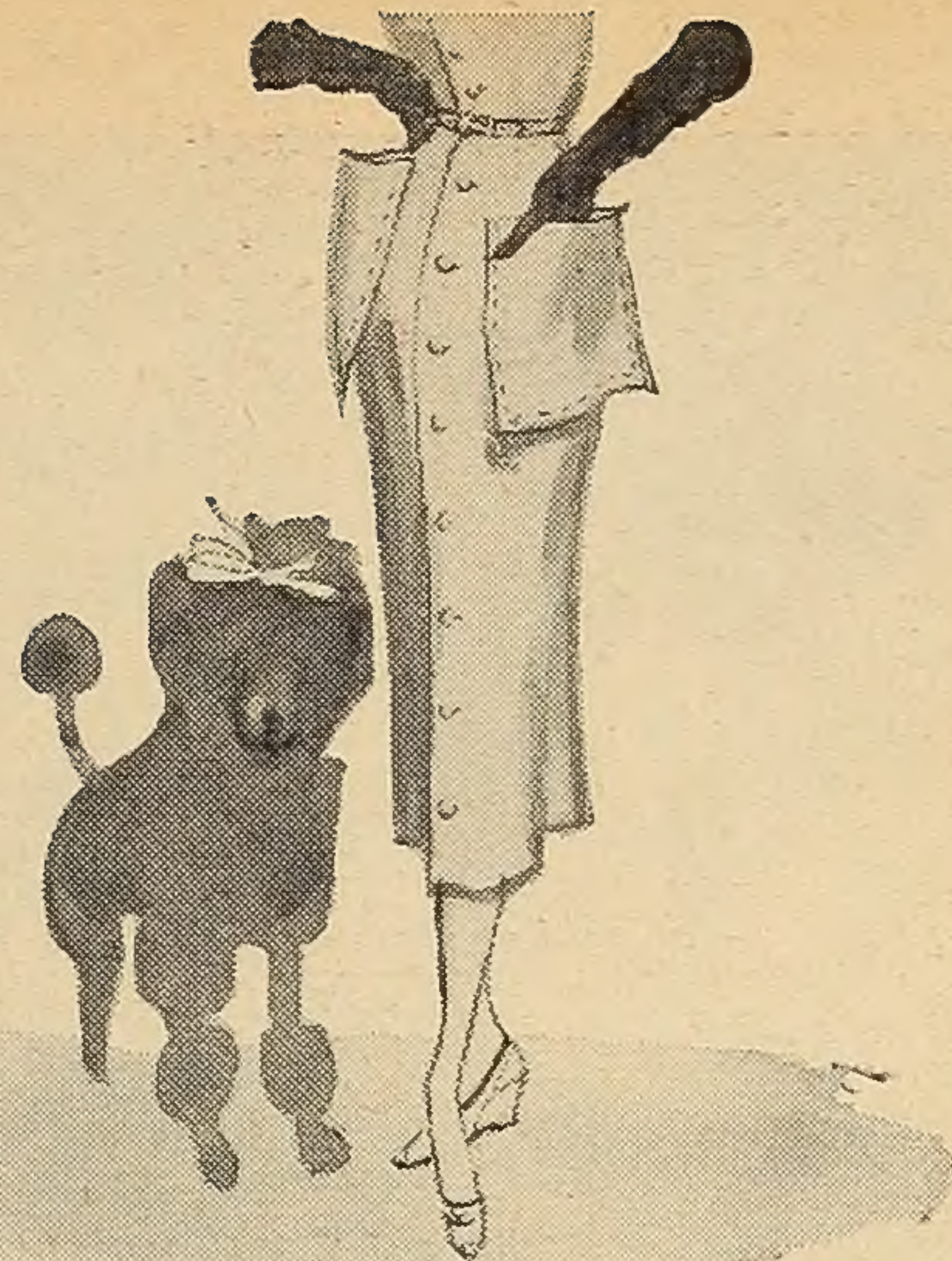
COLUMBIA's Technicolor temptress, Rita Hayworth, provides all the passion, promise and allure evident in King Herod's court during the days of John the Baptist. As the stepdaughter of the pagan king (*Charles Laughton*) and his scheming queen (*Judith Anderson*), Salome has been banished from Rome because of her romantic involvement with Caesar's nephew (*Rex Reason*). Revengeful of all

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 14)



A promise of passion in Rita Hayworth's eyes lures Charles Laughton in "Salome."

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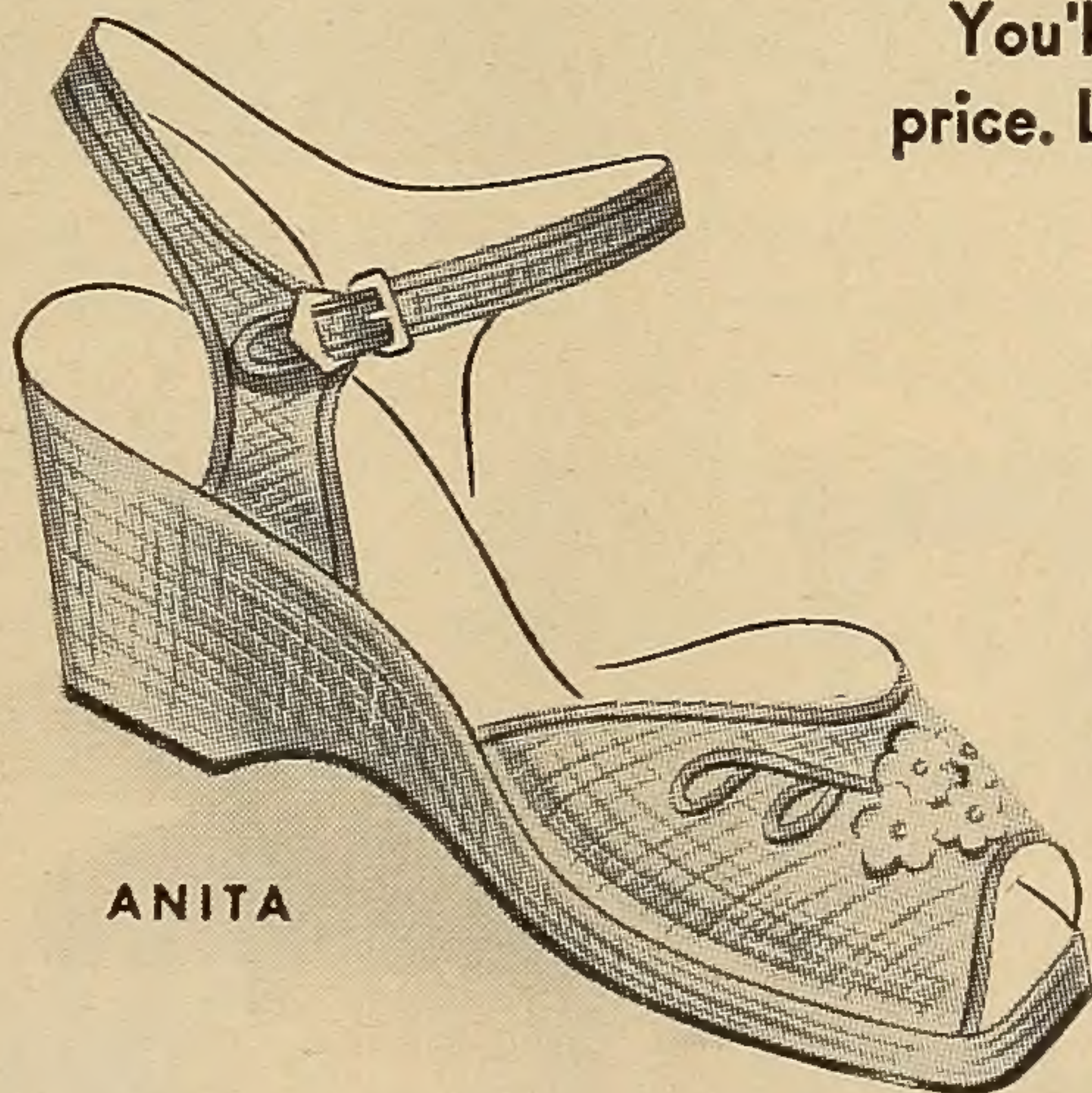
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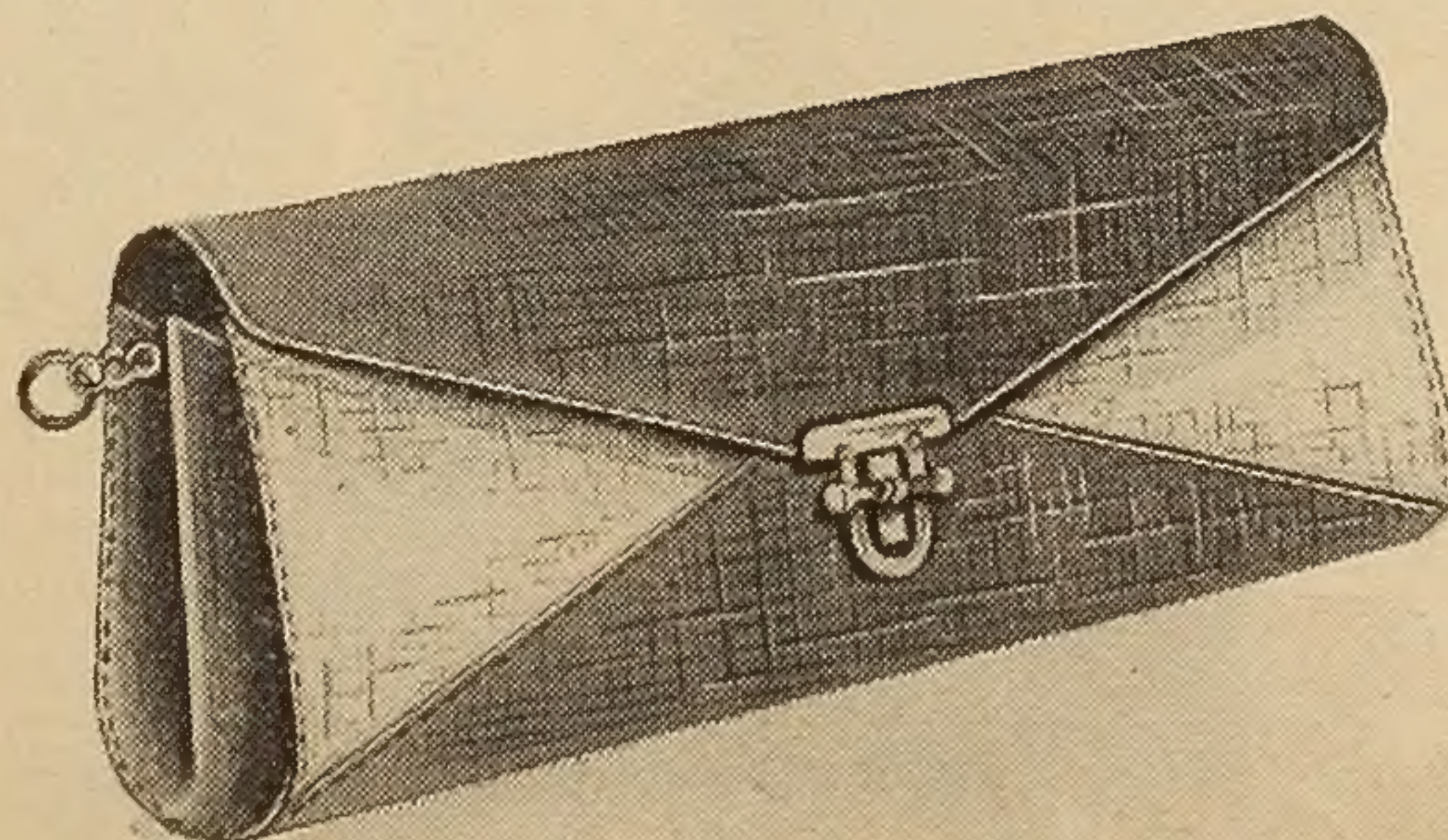
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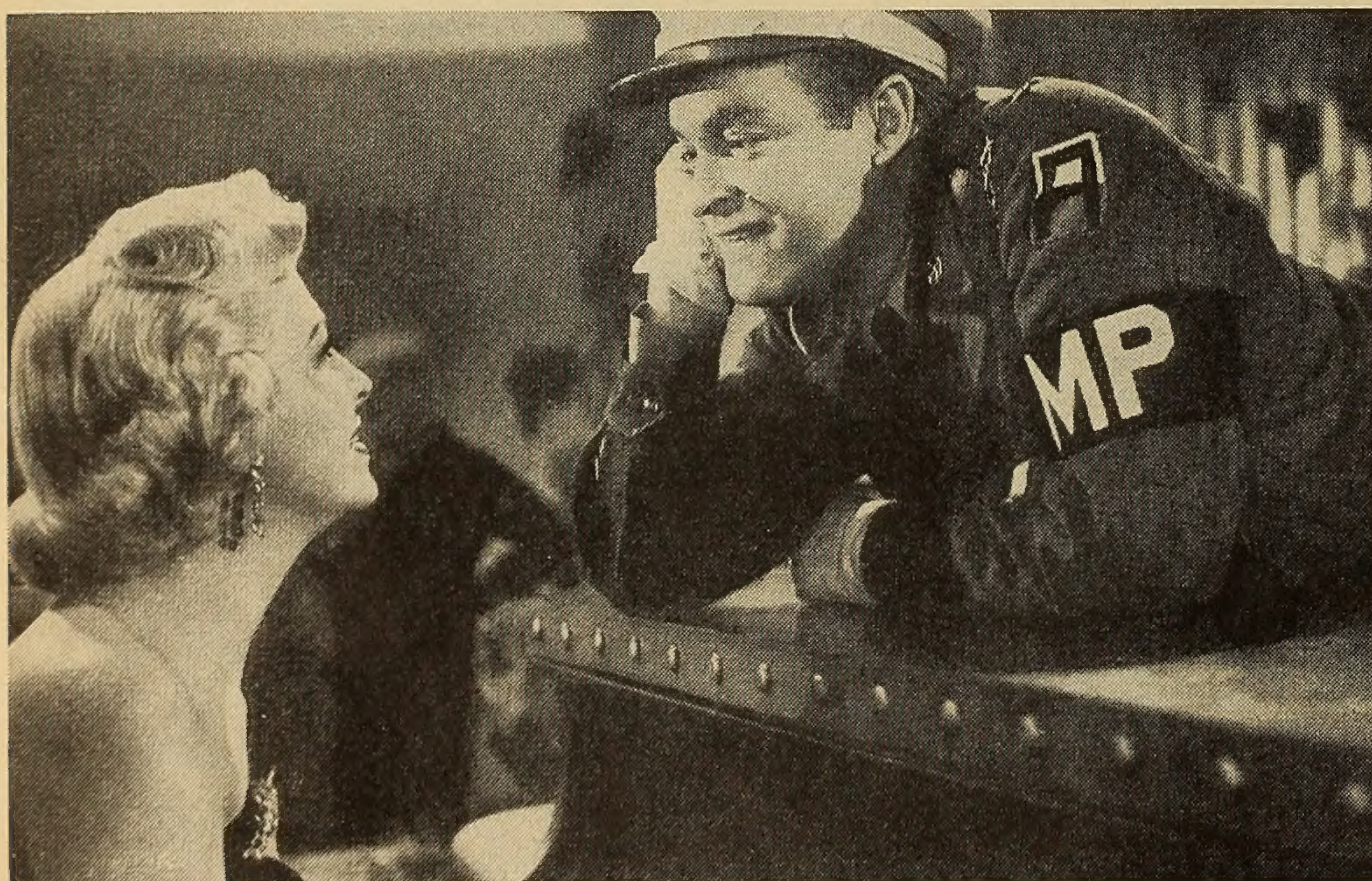


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The Romberg music is beautifully sung by Kathryn Grayson and Gordon MacRae in "The Desert Song," wherein Steve Cochran is the third corner of triangle.



As a fight promoter temporarily in the MP's, Bob Hope promotes himself into a romance with Marilyn Maxwell, who is Mickey Rooney's aunt in "Off Limits."



The life of impresario Sol Hurok is the springboard for great musical moments in "Tonight We Sing," featuring Ezio Pinza, Byron Palmer and Roberta Peters.

Your guide to current films

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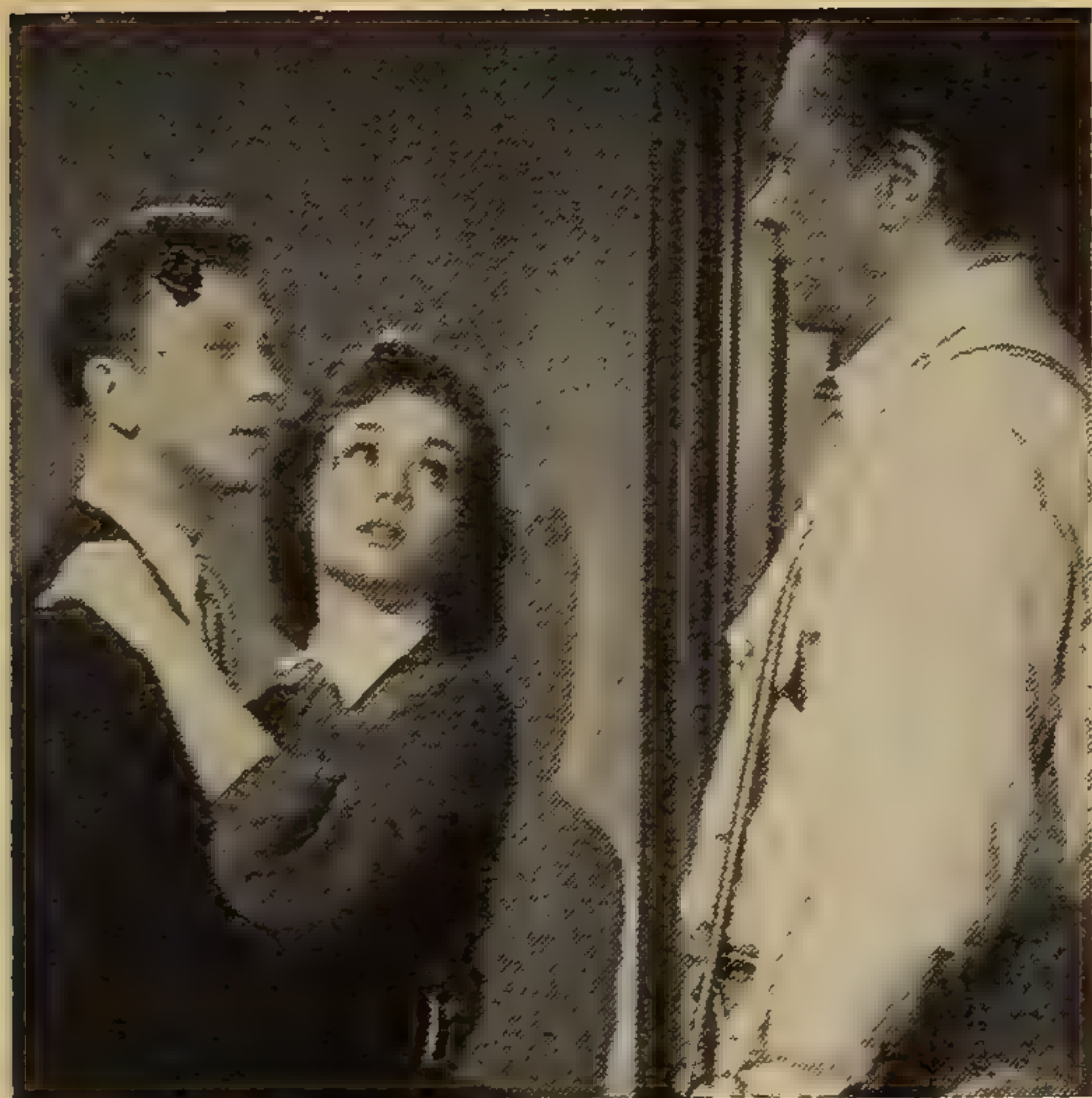
Romans, *Salome* peppers her return home by taking spite on *Claudius* (Stewart Granger), a Roman soldier and convert of *John the Baptist*. Unaware of her parents' true nature, the princess realizes the prophet's outcries against the court are making her parents unhappy and orders *Claudius* to arrest *John the Baptist* (Alan Badel). Instead, he takes her to the prophet, whose spiritual perception convinces her of the truth of his sayings. To protect him from the trickery of her parents, *Salome* offers to dance for her covetous stepfather, a symbol that she will submit to his will, in return for the prophet's freedom. The climactic dance of the seven veils, the lavish costumes and the gaudy Technicolor lensing provide a bizarre impact of the Orient. Columbia.

The Desert Song

SIGMUND ROMBERG's musical classic shows off to good advantage in this Technicolor film, with Gordon MacRae and Kathryn Grayson paired in romance and song. Whenever the Riffs in the Moroccan desert need a leader to help them regain their just rights against *Sheik Yousseff* (Raymond Massey), a victorious commander, *El Khobar*, mysteriously appears. The tribes of the desert do not know that *El Khobar* and the shy professor named *Paul Bonnard* are the same person. Gordon MacRae plays both parts with vigor and good humor. While posing as the teacher, he is instructed by French captain Steve Cochran to help the general at the French Legionnaire headquarters to get his daughter (Kathryn Grayson) to attend to studies. Kathryn, who'd much rather study Cochran than listen to Latin as taught by MacRae, completely forgets her crush when she meets *El Khobar* in the sheik's garden. She is unaware that MacRae is both persons, since his veiled costume keeps his identity as the Riff leader a secret until he kidnaps her to bring her general father to terms. All winds up happily with the French supporting the Riffs and the villainous sheik being trotted off to the pokey. Kathryn is the last to learn of MacRae's dual personality, but when she does, makes the most of it. Warner Brothers.

I Love Melvin

FLEDGLING news photographer Donald O'Connor soon learns that a press pass can get you into a lot more than a free show—namely, plenty of hot water. When he wanders backstage of a hit New York musical, he talks chorine Debbie Reynolds into a date by telling her he wants her to pose for a national magazine. As the romance progresses, much to the opposition of Debbie's parents, Don soon has a jillion pictures, but no place to put them, for the magazine he represents employs him as an



Allyn Joslyn surprises Donald O'Connor and Debbie Reynolds in "I Love Melvin."

apprentice to eccentric photographer Jim Backus. To get himself off the hook with Debbie's family, who are beginning to suspect his delaying tactics, Don fakes a magazine cover with Debbie's picture on it. Pandemonium breaks loose with father quitting his job, mother easing out all of Debbie's other suitors, and the neighborhood alerted for publication day. When equine instead of chorine appears, Don does the only sensible thing and hides out until a reconciliation can be affected. Film is bouncy and tuneful, with Don joining mopet Noreen Cochran for a show-stopping dance. **MGM.**

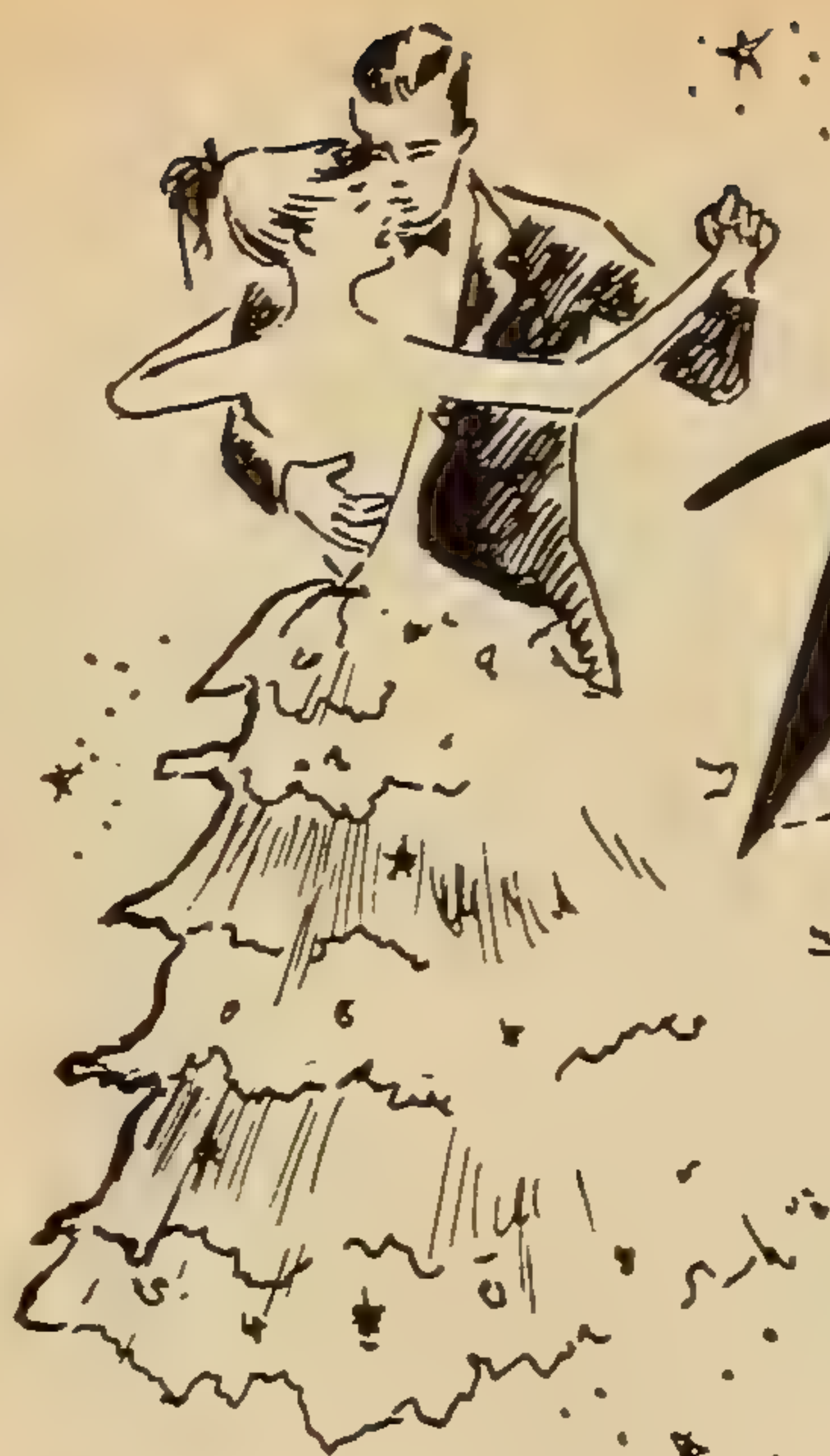
The Glass Wall

PRODUCER Maxwell Shane continues his man-in-the-street film technique with New York locations, hidden cameras and off-beat castings providing unusual settings for this tender narrative of a displaced person (*Vittorio Gassman*) who is refused admission to the U.S. and jumps ship. Unable to find the lone G.I., who can vouch for his underground work and help him win admission to this country, Gassman begins an almost futile search for a clarinet player named *Tom*, living somewhere in New York City. In the 24 hours he has before the ship sails and he is declared a fugitive, Vittorio finds few who will befriend him except factory worker *Gloria Grahame*. It is she who eventually leads immigrant officials and the missing *Tom* to the United Nations building (*the glass wall*) from which Vittorio has decided to jump rather than face deportation. An impressive film debut for Shelley's guy Vittorio, plus a top-notch entry in the documentary field. **Columbia.**

Tonight We Sing

A MUSICAL potpourri skillfully blended for all tastes, and saluting concert manager Sol Hurok is served up by Producer George Jessel. Technicolor movie shows *Hurok* (*David Wayne*) as an untalented, but devoted patron of the arts, who is fired from his job in a Russian hardware store. On the eve of his dismissal, he attends an opera featuring *Feodor Chaliapin* (*Ezio Pinza*), who

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 16)



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Your guide to **current films** CONTINUED



As a psychological study of a killer and two hostages, "The Hitch-hiker" is taut entertainment, with Frank Lovejoy, William Talman and Edmond O'Brien.

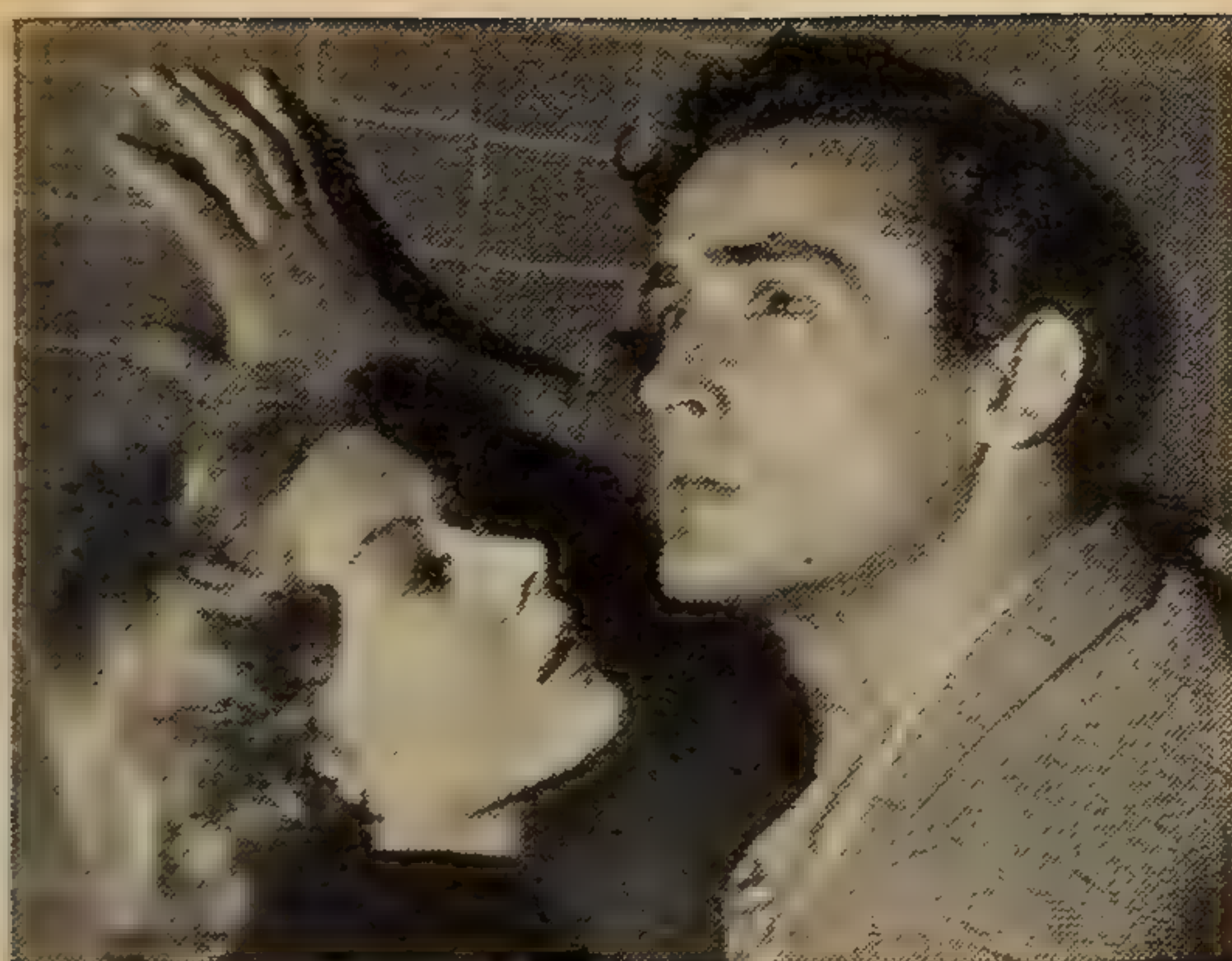
promises *Hurok* that he can be his manager for American bookings. Once he has come to America and written 70 letters to *Chaliapin*—none answered—*Hurok* begins to suspect the value of a written contract. It isn't until many years later, after he has established himself with other artists, that *Chaliapin* does sign with the impresario. In the meantime, the establishing of a concert bureau provides the film with a springboard for introducing some inspiring musical moments featuring such artists as Roberta Peters, Jan Peerce, Isaac Stern and Tamara Toumanova. Film also marks the debut of Byron Palmer, whose good looks and talent make him a best bet for acclaim and stardom. 20th Century-Fox.

The Hitch-hiker

You will be glued to your seat for 90 taut minutes by this psychological study of a killer and two hostages. William Talman, an escaped convict, is making his way to Mexico and freedom by hitch-hiking across country. He thumbs a ride, murders the driver, and proceeds on with the stolen car. After two such happenings, he flags down an auto with Edmond O'Brien and Frank Lovejoy. The latter are going on a fishing trip—they have no idea the hitch-hiker they picked up is the wanted killer. It is only via the car radio that they begin to suspect. Talman tips his hand and forces them at the point of a gun to dodge road blocks and the police to get him to the border. O'Brien and Lovejoy are aware that death will be



It's an embarrassing moment for all concerned when Barbara Bates discovers that Mickey Rooney is an uninvited occupant of a twin bed in the Technicolor musical, "All Ashore," the breezy story of three sailors on a spree on Catalina Island.



"The Glass Wall," tender tale of a D. P., stars Gloria Grahame, Vittorio Gassman.

their fate at the end of the ride. A gripping climax results in the capture and death of Talman, with Lovejoy and O'Brien cheating death. Film marks another orchid for Ida Lupino as the director. **Filmaker's Prod.—RKO.**

All Ashore

MICKEY ROONEY scuttles his usual brash, egotistical role to play fall guy for shipmates Dick Haymes and Ray McDonald in this breezy by-play of three gobs on leave. Haymes and McDonald are broke and decide to muscle-in on Mickey, who has saved \$300 for a spree on Catalina Island. Their high-powered plans go astray, with Mickey losing his money and the trio forced to work its way over to the resort on a passenger ship. Once on the island, Mickey's friends find Peggy Ryan and Jody Lawrence much better company and desert him. Alone and lonely, Mickey decides to go back to the mainland, when he notices Barbara Bates having trouble with the motor of her boat and offers to help her. The act not only wins him a girl, but the support of Barbara's wealthy father, who offers to aid him when he's discharged from the service. Easy-going Technicolor musical designed for the family trade. **Columbia.**

She's Back On Broadway

FADING movie star Virginia Mayo returns to the Broadway stage in the hope it will hypo her film career. Producer Frank Lovejoy is delighted with the backers her name still attracts, but stage director Steve Cochran is a lot more suspicious. He warns Lovejoy that Virginia is using the play as a stepping stone back to Hollywood and will leave them flat after opening night. Lovejoy ignores the warning, and rehearsals get underway, with Cochran and Virginia continually needling each other until the inevitable eruption occurs. After carrying on solo for a week, they both learn the uncomfortable fact that they are much better together and reunite in time for a successful opening night, which has Virginia spurning movie offers to remain on Broadway. Lots of lively dancing and catchy tunes have been included in this WarnerColor package which also co-stars Gene Nelson, Patrice Wymore and Virginia Gibson. **Warner Brothers.**

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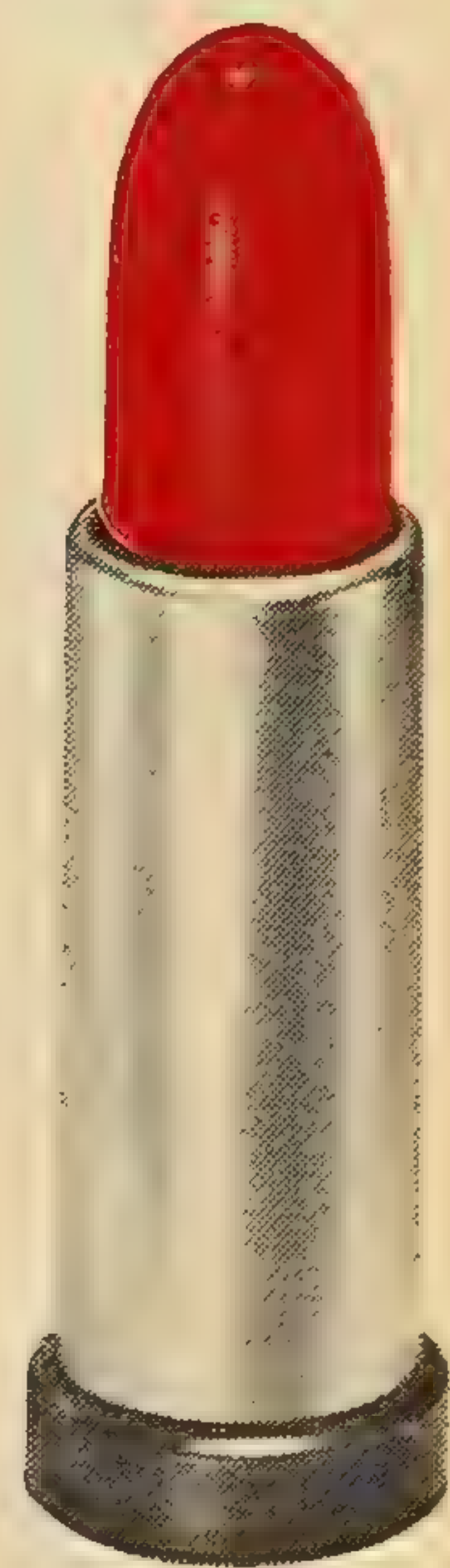
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**... keep the Hands
He Loves to Hold
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Snug fingers, non-slip grip, roomy palms handle wet slippery things safely.

Made of long-lasting DuPont neoprene.

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The Happiest Wedding of Song and Dance in Many a Honeymoon!

This one
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The Farmer takes a Wife

BETTY
GRABLE
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Songs!

"On the Erie Canal"
"We're Doin' It For The
Natives in Jamaica"
"When I Close My Door"
"Somethin' Real Special"
"With the Sun Warm
Upon Me"
"We're in Business"
"Today, I Love Ev'rybody"

with Eddie Foy, Jr. • Charlotte Austin • Kathleen Crowley • Merry Anders • Donna Lee Hickey

Produced by

Directed by

Screen Play by

Frank P. ROSENBERG • Henry LEVIN • Walter BULLOCK, Sally BENSON and Joseph FIELDS

From the Stage Play by FRANK B. ELSEY and MARC CONNELLY • Based on the Novel "Romeo Haul" by WALTER D. EDMONDS



Bette Davis, who has become very bang conscious, Eleanor Parker and Gary Merrill at Pen & Pencil party. Eleanor was in New York for premiere of "Above And Beyond."



Corinne Calvet walked out of theatre in tears over audience reaction to her film.

Danton Walker's

HOLLYWOOD ON BROADWAY

At work or play, visiting Hollywood stars can set even sophisticated New York back on its heels



Joan Crawford with Dir. David Miller. Newcomers could take hints from her.

ZSA ZSA GABOR who used to be known locally as Sari Gabor Hilton, is as beautiful off-screen as she is on. Her complexion is the envy of most other cinema queens but her habit of giggling continuously at everything that is said or done is beginning to bore most of the New York hosts who entertain Zsa Zsa when she comes to town. She hasn't appeared in a single movie yet that she didn't purr and giggle her way through every scene. Years ago, Norma Shearer was told by several intimate friends that her habit of giggling like a school girl made most people nervous just listening to her. Norma, fortunately, broke herself of it in one week. Zsa

Zsa might do the same and put an end to this unattractive nonsense.

Although Broadway stage plays, especially comedies, seem to be the goal of most film stars, it took Tom Ewell and Vanessa Brown to pick the plum comedy of the year in "The Seven Year Itch." The play is such a hit that Ewell's Hollywood pals insist it should be renamed to read "The Seven Year Hitch," since the star may have to stick around New York just about that (CONTINUED ON PAGE 73)



Danton Walker

by Mrs. Belle Tierney

Dancing Daughter

Gene Tierney has found a
great new love, the ballet

London

MY DAUGHTER Gene fell in love with England and the ballet while playing opposite Clark Gable in "Never Let Me Go," which was filmed in MGM's studio outside London. Playing the part of a Russian ballerina, Gene spent several hours a day on ballet lessons, and acquired an authentic accent from a Russian coach. She just loved the ballet lessons and wants to keep it up even now that the picture is finished. Her little daughter, Tina, and I were in London with Gene while the picture was being made, and we all three became balletomanes.

Not only did Gene take lessons every day at the studio, but every so often she went into London for a lesson with the great Anton Dolin, who said she had a real flair for it. He had never, even in a professional ballerina, seen more beautiful hand work, which seemed to come to Gene naturally. (CONTINUED ON PAGE 22)

The English spot of tea was a habit with Gene while working in London. ►





BLONDES . . . Restore the golden color of youth—or add henna or auburn color.

REDHEADS . . . Lighten your hair to red-gold—or enrich its natural henna or auburn color.



GLORIOUS COLOR-HIGHLIGHTS sparkle your hair when you use Nestle COLORINSE. Removes dulling soap film—adds glamorous color-highlights—makes hair softer, silkier, easier to comb and set. Use COLORINSE after every shampoo—or whenever hair looks dull and drab. In 10 beautiful shades that *rinse in—shampoo out!*

6 rinses 25¢;
14 rinses 50¢.

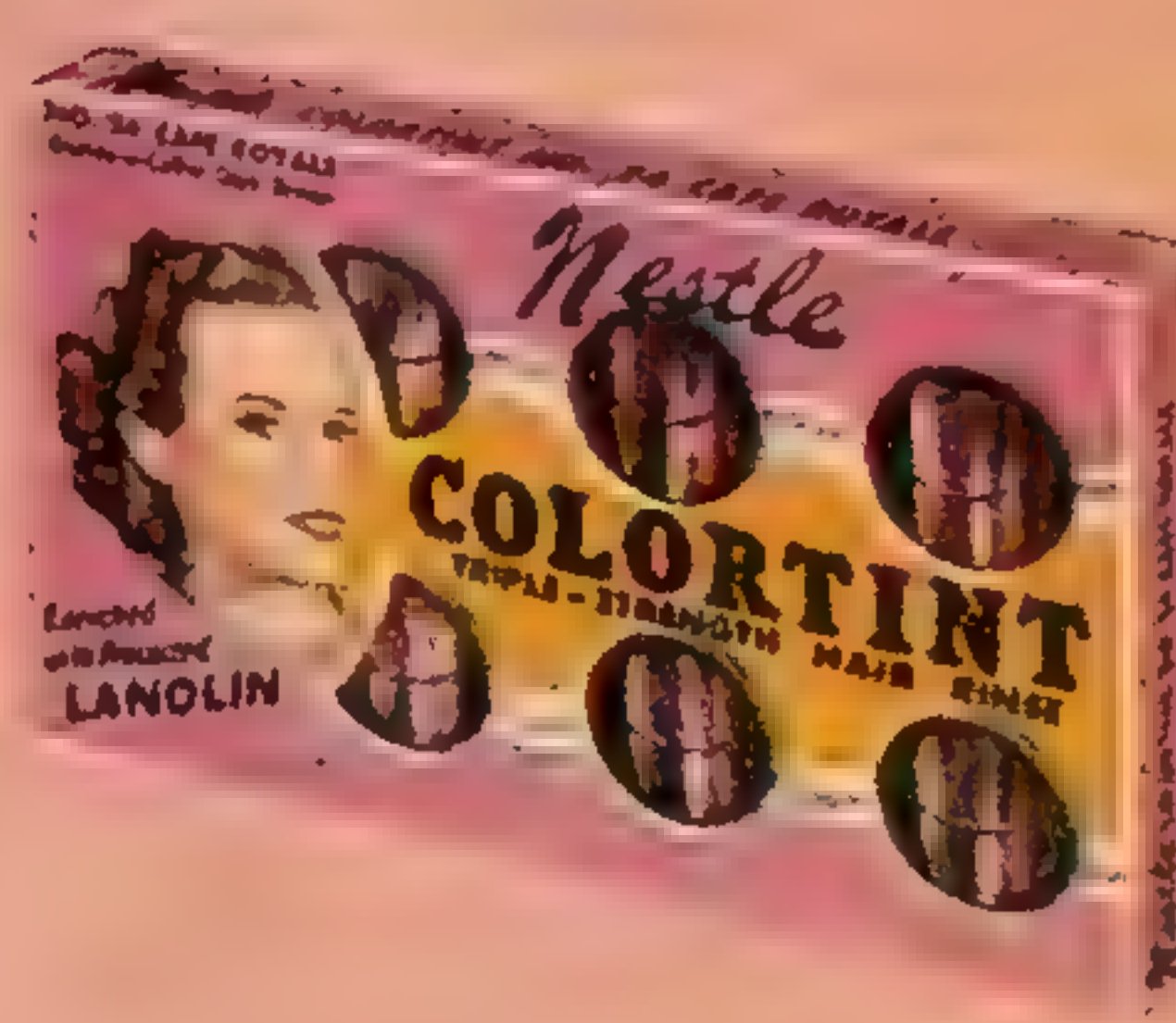
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RICHER COLOR TINTS glamorize your hair when you use Nestle COLORTINT. Enriched with Processed LANOLIN, nature's wonder ingredient, to enhance your natural hair color or add exciting *new* color. Blends-in streaked, bleached, dyed or graying hair. Lasts through as many as 3 shampoos. *More than a rinse but not a permanent dye!* 10 glamorous shades.

6 capsules 29¢;
12 capsules 50¢.

Nestle COLORTINT



LIGHTER, BRIGHTER COLOR . . . as much or as little as you choose in ONE application—with Nestle LITE. Enriched with Processed LANOLIN to leave hair wonderfully soft, silky, *natural-looking*. Lightens blonde hair, brightens brown hair, accentuates red tones in brunette hair, adds glamorous golden streaks, disguises gray hair. Quick and easy to use—contains no ammonia. \$1.50.

Retouch size 79¢.

**Nestle LITE
HAIR LIGHTENER**



(prices plus tax)

BROWNETTES . . . Lighten hair to a golden brown—or add henna, auburn or rich brown color.

BRUNETTES . . . Lighten hair—add gold or red or deepen its blue-black color.

GRAY . . . Add silver color, blue highlights or steel-gray tones.



Dancing Daughter

CONTINUED



Gene and Belita in their swan costumes for ballet scenes in "Never Let Me Go."



Gene and Clark Gable had fun together on location, but there was no romance.



Ballet star Anton Dolin said Gene's hand work was as good as a trained ballerina's.

In her free time she read books on the ballet and also about the great ballerinas. When she came home to our London apartment each evening, it was a circus to see Tina and me taking lessons from her on what she had learned that day. She wasn't in the house five minutes when the victrola went on and we were off. If a stranger came in on us suddenly, he would have thought he'd struck a mad house. Grandmother, mother and child running around, trying to emulate ballerinas. Gene was so mad about the dancing that every time I turned around she was executing a step and counting out loud. We went shopping one day in London, and in the midst of buying sweaters she broke out into a dance. And the day she first got up on her toes we opened a bottle of champagne.

Altogether, we had a wonderful stay in England. The English countryside is all it is cracked up to be. The flowers, both wild and otherwise, are breathtaking. We stopped everywhere to look at them and tried to find out the names of the ones we didn't know, and had not seen in our country. Every now and then Gene saw a lovely old whitewashed farm house and said, "That's the kind of place I want to live in." Her enthusiasm for England and the English was something.

Socially we were pretty gay, but of course only when Gene was not working the next day. We went

to a couple of splendid plays. The theatre in England is superb. Of course we saw Hepburn in "The Millionairess" and were very proud that our compatriot was the biggest hit in London. One night Jose Ferrer invited us to a party at the Cafe de Paris where Noel Coward was the entertainer. Mr. Coward came to our table to chat with us. He is utterly charming and the epitome of sophistication. Just like a character in a Noel Coward play, Gene said.

At a party given by Douglas Fairbanks we met the Duchess of Kent, who is as lovely as her pictures. I liked her tremendously. She recommended a milliner to us, and the next day Gene and I both bought hats from the royal chapeaux maker.

GENE went to every ballet in and around London. Once we went all the way to Portsmouth to see The Festival Ballet of Dolin and stayed for the afternoon and evening performances going behind the scenes between performances to get the atmosphere of backstage. At the opening of the Festival Ballet in London, Gene met Princess Marie Louise, a granddaughter of Queen Victoria, who is a patroness of the ballet.

We spent ten days in Cornwall while the company was on location at Mullion, a beautiful spot, right on the sea. Several times I had dinner with the gang, as they called themselves. I (CONTINUED ON PAGE 63)



Here, at Miami Beach, ready for a dip in the inviting pool of the Sherry Frontenac Hotel, are two lovelies in left to right, Catalina's "Border Butterfly" and "Success Story." Catalina is the "Official Swim Suit of the Miss Universe Beauty Pageant" held at Long Beach, California, July 9th to 19th.



Shopping in the native marketplace at Chichicastenango, Guatemala, is a most exciting vacation experience. Completely unspoiled by any modern-day innovations, it carries on century-old traditions. Here, bargaining for hand-crafted souvenirs are vacationers wearing, left to right, Catalina's "Candy Denim" gingham shirt with matching pedal pushers and "Tennis Club" terry shirt with tennis trunks.

when
it makes
fashion news . . .
it's

Catalina

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Suntan by Skol



For name of nearest store,
write Catalina, Inc., Dept. 512,
Los Angeles 13, California

Wherever socialites, playboys and playgirls and just plain tired business men follow the sun during the winter months, California fashions take the limelight . . . especially Catalina Swimwear and Playclothes. Here famed fashion photographer John Engstead, via a speedy Resort Airlines photographic tour, covers the fashion front in leading world playgrounds taking a preview peek at winter resort fashion trends now beginning to dominate the American fashion scene.

world playgrounds preview

NEW SWIM AND SUN FASHIONS

BELOW: One of the most luxurious ways to enjoy the soft waters of the Caribbean is at the Silver Sands Beach Club at Jamaica. Here, sipping coconut milk from a close-by tree, a visitor wears Catalina's "Shirtmaker," 17.95.



LEX confides about LANA



"Lana's chief charm is her naive belief in everyone... her lack of cynicism," says Lex.

They kept their love a secret while
all Hollywood wondered about a possible
romance . . . now, at last, Lex

Barker talks of the Turner he knows

By **MAY MANN BAER**

"LANA TURNER is the nicest girl I have ever met in Hollywood," Lex Barker said quietly. But the way he said it—spoke volumes. "She is a wonderful, wonderful girl and believe me, my feelings toward her, after we met and became acquainted—were so sincere and of such respect—that I was afraid to take her out for fear it would be termed another Hollywood name-linking. Or that I was attracted to her for any reason except that she is feminine and lovely to know." This, he said, the day he returned from two weeks in Mexico and Lana had returned the same day from her Nevada divorce from Bob Topping.

Several weeks before, right after Marion Davies' fabulous party when Hollywood was all question marks about Lex and Lana—were they dating?—and what was it all about anyway?—Lex was at our house one evening. And I asked him.

"Truthfully," he had replied then, "I had never met Lana before the Davies party. My date (*Susan Morrow*) was asked for a dance and Ben Gage and Esther Williams asked me, while I waited, to sit down at their table. The only empty chair was one next to Lana and we were introduced. Fernando Lamas, who was her date, was in a long discussion with some one about something and Lana, tired of the drawn-out argument, turned to me, 'Let's dance,' she said. We danced one minute and Fernando blew a fuse. I couldn't understand what it was all about. Lana laughed helplessly, a little embarrassed, and I went on my way. I had no idea that we would ever see each other again."

The next morning's papers, of course, revealed that the Turner-Lamas romance was "quits." Fernando had the good grace to call Lex's agency and leave an apology for his actions. Since Lana could not be reached at all, the press carried stories that Lamas had called it (CONTINUED ON PAGE 52)

"We both had unsuccessful marriages . . . we're ready to settle down . . ." ►





Moira MacDonald, John's love in "Return To Paradise," has charm, talent, beauty and sex!

By John Hudson

What I found out about

NATIVE GIRLS...



In the film, islanders live under a dictator who has decreed the laws of nature are sinful.

Between scenes, Moira and another beauty in the cast go in for swimming and fancy diving.



Samoa girls accept their hours of love with a charm that leaves them fulfilled yet still yearning for more

LOVE is the most important part of life to the native girls of Samoa.

Because of their intense feeling of its importance, the art of South Sea love-making, by natural instinct, is to them uninhibited, open, warm and irresistible in the surroundings of the rendezvous secretly picked by the island girl and her lover, under a balmy tropical moon-washed night. And by the light of day, this same lovely creature is still, by nature, shy, quick to laugh, eager for romance and always ready to fight for her man.

The passion and excitement of Samoan love-making is as dramatic, exaggerated and full-blown as its lush green ferns and banana leaves, elephant trees, flying foxes, sudden tropic rains, depleting mid-day heat and its magical moons. The Samoan girl's life and dreams are full of courtship of which there is so much; of her last, her present or her dream lover. There is no frustration, or loneliness for love in a Samoan girl or boy because it is taken as naturally as the sun, the stars, flowers and air. Yet it is never taken for granted and, moreover, never abused.

When the rendezvous is picked and the moon starts its bright two weeks cycle over the island (CONTINUED ON PAGE 69)



In filming "Return To Paradise" on Samoa, John Hudson and Moira MacDonald made love for the cameras in native fashion—dramatic, exaggerated, full-blown love.

Even by the light of day, the lovely Samoan girl is eager for romance and always ready to fight for her man. John hopes to return some day to the island paradise.





Take it easy, Ava

Ava Gardner should know that you can go so far – and then you have to stop – before disaster overtakes health or marriage

By LEONE MATHEWS

SULTRY, ever-vivacious Ava Gardner glanced into the mirror of a make-up case, and slim, frowning Frank Sinatra stood nearby—his suitcases packed. Another hour, and each would be alone, Frankie flying towards a night club engagement, Ava left behind in the heart of Africa, pursuing her career, her life, her supreme ambition.

Suddenly, in the arid, burnished sky, a small speck appeared. It might have been a hawk—or a vulture. It circled, turned, and veered, and disappeared into the East; no one thought of it again.

The small private airplane put down on a nearby airstrip. Its sole occupant stepped out and from then on was lost in the hubbub of "on location" activities for "Mogambo." Frankie bid a fond au revoir to his spouse. Ava faced the jungle cameras.

But that night was another story. In the MGM camp there was a stranger—an elegant, youngish, rather handsome refugee from the civilization of Great Britain. He was Dr. Robin Humphreys, a noted English doctor, member of the faculty of St. John's, and someone who had looked over Ava Gardner when she was rushed to London when the bunda had caught up with her.

HIS arrival was hush-hush. How he got there was plain. He had come by air—in a hurry. Who had brought him there was another matter. The studio? A worried husband? Ava herself? No one knew. All that was known was that he wasn't a casual caller, dropping in for a cup of tea.

His departure was equally mysterious. He no sooner came than he was gone. Clark Gable clinked glasses with him, Ava herself was hostess at a small dinner in one of Nairobi's hotels. The movie workers showed him how the wheels went 'round. Like any white man who drops in unexpectedly on a safari, he was welcomed and not questioned. He was everybody's friend, without being any particular person's friend. (CONTINUED ON PAGE 54)



Frankie and Ava have reached the danger point where one is going up, the other marking time.



Co-star Clark Gable bid Ava a fond farewell as she departed the African location of "Mogambo."

◀ An English doctor flew to the African jungle to tell Ava the truth about herself.

What sort of sex appeal do they like best?

Why are some men scared to be sentimental?

Mitzi has the answers and more besides!

Let's talk about



Mitzi wants a man who is ready for adult love, doesn't want to be a mother to a husband!

men!

By Mitzi Gaynor

MEN can be more fascinating than anything else. But they're so complicated! There is nothing simple about the mechanism of men. Just jar it and you're in a jam. All of them, I have been discovering, are definitely guaranteed to make a girl continually wonder.

What sort of sex appeal do men like best?

And what puts a particular man in a strange mood?

I know that's what I'll ask myself sooner or later today. Often I feel like singing, "You must have been a bewildering boy, for baby—look at you now!"

Only I don't. After all, I want to hear my phone ring again. Any girl, in or out of Hollywood, is sure in her heart that an eager masculine voice at the other end of the wire is much more exciting than a shattering silence.

So he's male and a mystery. So this can't drive me mad. He's up to me to solve!

In the past six months I've been analyzing the men I've dated. Secretly, of course, for I'd never want a man to feel like a specimen. I've found out that all men certainly are not alike. What's attractive to one can mean almost nothing to another. You can't claim it's a girl's hair, or figure, or cooking that counts most. Where there's a man you never can tell in advance what's going on in that intriguing head of his!

It takes time to size him up correctly. I attempt to adjust accordingly. I'll admit a girl is always absorbing one more unexpected lesson.

I WONDER why a man wastes his time trying to outsmart a woman with little white lies. Men who foolishly fence themselves in with falsehoods can thrill a girl and cause her plenty of nervous tension. But they grow bored when she presumes he'll maintain his pose. I realize a convincing line may click for a while. But when I catch on to pretense, he no longer is the strong male he'd hoped I'd suppose. After they trip on their tall tales such men don't panic us any more because they're pathetic. They don't wish to lie, but they go on imagining they (CONTINUED ON PAGE 56)



Men who don't respond to music worry Mitzi, who can be sky high over a man with manners.



"I believed love should bring pain as well as pleasure. I was wrong," admits Anne

I SAW only him—and I was ecstatic and miserable, radiant and tragic—all at the same time. I thought I was in love—and this was it. The "Once In A Life Time." I had never before been in love.

I read poetry and believed it—that love should bring pain as well as pleasure. I was seventeen and like many of the very young, I had the tendency to dramatize my emotions.

My career in radio and modeling had begun when I was a little girl of seven. Now I was doing well on TV and my mother was extremely worried at my confused emotions which were playing havoc with my work. My willingness to let my personal feelings over-rule my good judgment—even to the point of throwing away all of the progress I had made in my career to please this boy—was not entirely rational. And yet, by his actions, he condoned it.

"STAY SINGLE. If being engaged to him makes you this miserable—what will marriage do?" a studio executive told me. That was the day I broke in the middle of a show. I was unable to train my mind on the continuity of my dialogue. I had had a quarrel with my boy friend just before I went on the air. My eyes were also swollen from crying.

"You can't pick up a career again—so easily. You're just beginning to live. If you get married, you're dead," was his advice.

I did not have the emotional experience then to realize that with a real honest love, I could have a full life, as I am enjoying now.

I met—I shall call him Bob—at an advertising agency where I had been asked for an interview. He was a commercial artist. He was 20 and tall with black hair—and large black eyes—which, of course, made him very handsome. He had a tremendous personality—one that instantly drew people to him. Ours started out as a fun romance. Only gradually did I finally become aware—that he was selfish, an egotist and was immature—that he had no thought or consideration for me. It was not by intention but he was incapable of any depth of emotion other than for himself.

The day I was to make my (CONTINUED ON PAGE 58)



Now married to Bam Price, Anne is happier than ever.

the lesson in Love I never forgot

By Anne Francis

◀ Her first experience taught her how awful over-possessive love is.



Terry's technique for dating

By Ben Maddox

W

hat she will and won't do,
exactly where she draws the line and why, are
revealed by Terry Moore, as she discusses
precisely what a "date" deserves

TANTALIZING Terry Moore has turned out to be this year's most terrific girl! Any unattached male with marriage on his mind will tell you that. There is no mistaking the high-voltage impact she has. Her proud escorts ache to prove it's possible to make her fall in love and they persist in proposing a wedding.

What she will, and won't do, when an exciting man looms, needn't be a vague matter any more. Terry's told me exactly where she draws the line, and why.

Sometimes she rushes at life with so much zest I call her wacky, but always it's evident that she also is wonderful.

"Boys are one of the best things to have around," she said radiantly, when we began a recent long luncheon together. I pried her away from a group of severely smitten admirers, because I'd sworn to sum up her private code with men. The right response to a man, or the wrong reaction, leads to feminine completeness or deep loneliness. And Terry's not lonely! If you combine the race for her exclusive devotion, with her new long-term contract to star for 20th Century-Fox, it's clear why this is the happiest month so far in the exhilarating saga of the voluptuous Miss Moore.

A sudden, amused, remembering look stole into her heart-stopping,

huge blue eyes. "I mean men are nice company," she hastily added, afraid I might misinterpret her actual attitude towards age. "Chronological years have nothing whatsoever to do with masculine sex appeal. If he has a passionate urge to live fully, he is a real male at sixteen or forty-six!" She won't, you gather correctly, stubbornly limit her horizon on this score. Incidentally, Terry herself is now a luscious twenty-two.

OFF the screen her gorgeous shape is amazingly packaged in a mere hundred, perfectly placed pounds. Without her high heels she's only five feet two. Her face beckons with a fresh allure she doesn't spoil with excessive make-up. You may recall that during the transition period in her career, it decorated the covers of twenty-two magazines. Her gay smile bursts from a temptingly generous mouth, and you note with a jolt that her brow has a contrasting, classic serenity.

Then she warms up on a subject and you find out why her personality packs such a merry, magnetic punch.

"I don't believe any date deserves to be made over!" she observed candidly. "There's room in this world for many sorts of people. A bossy female has too much nerve! If I'd be frustrated not being myself, why wouldn't a man be? Why (CONTINUED ON PAGE 60)



Out on a glamour date, Terry meets Jimmy Ritz at a party.



With English actor Laurence Harvey she is sophisticated.



Terry the athlete practices judo. Might come in handy?

◀ Terry is the outdoor girl, in championship form, when she's dating a sportsman.

What "I love you"



means to Jane

Why these beautiful words, to Jane Wyman, are more important than all else married life has to offer

WHAT'S FUNNY about Hollywood," Jane Wyman observed. "You can know someone for years, see him at parties, meet him at previews—in a sort of casual, friendly way—and then suddenly your work throws you in his company and you begin to know him so much better. You discover so many things you have in common—music, certain hobbies, a particular song you both adore, the way you can laugh at the same incidents, be concerned about the same things—and before you know it, you find you're in love with a wonderful guy!" Jane's dark eyes snapped with a little light of mischief as she slyly added, "and it's so perfect when you discover that he's in love with you, too! Makes it unanimous!"

You've probably guessed by now that Jane was talking of her new husband, Freddie Karger, a most charming and talented musician. This is a departure for Jane. She never used to share her private life with her public. However, since her marriage, Jane is perfectly willing to tell the world how really happy and in love she is!

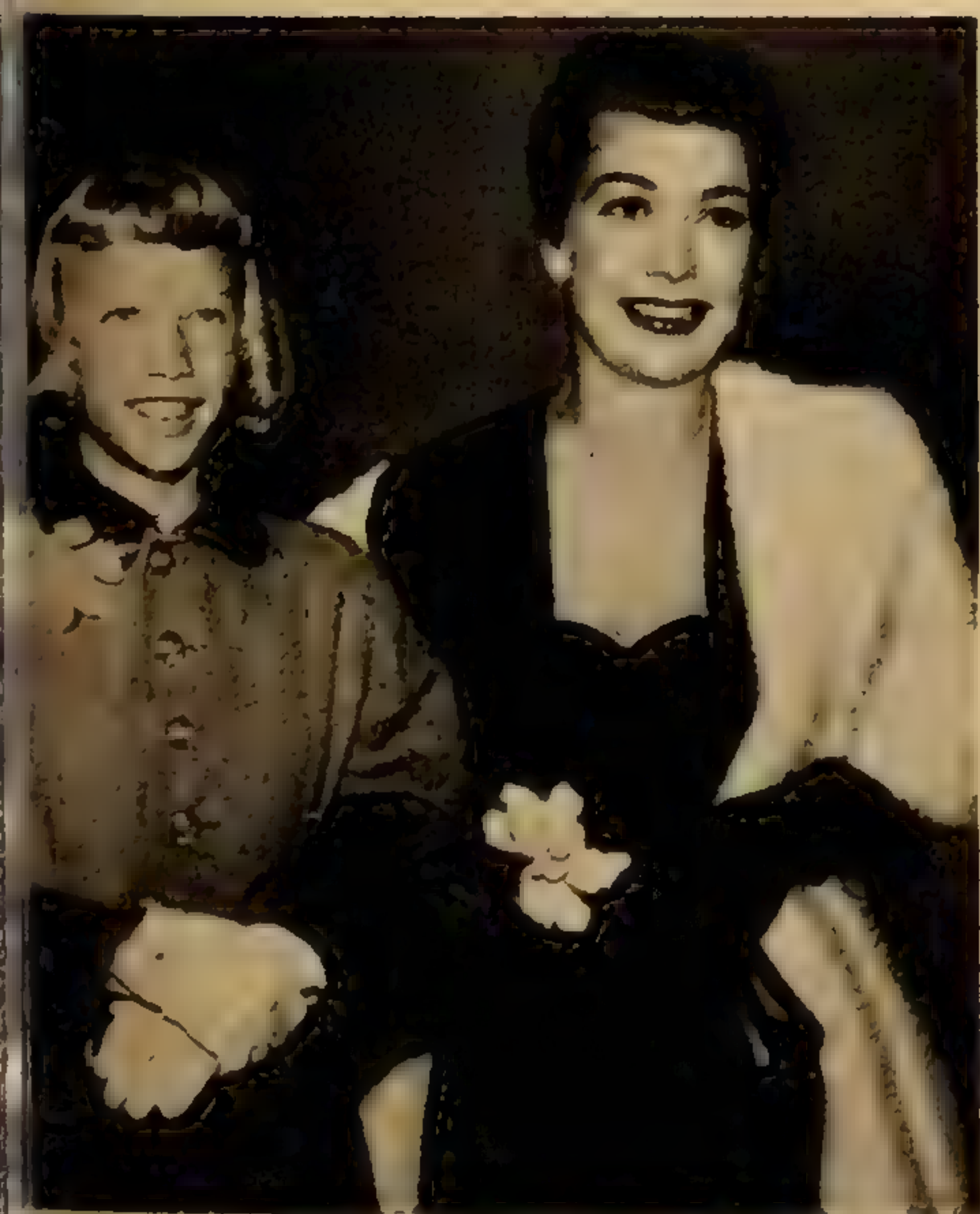
She'd known Freddie for years, Jane told me, as we talked together in her most exquisitely furnished library, where paintings by famed artists line the walls. It is a

rich, warm room, reflecting the charm of Jane herself, who that day was most attractive in her pale blue terry cloth robe, with a gaily colored kerchief tied around her head—as unpretentious in her manner as only a sincerely great personality can be.

IN A gossip town like Hollywood, where everyone thrives on "from one delicious scoop to another," it's highly amazing that Jane and Freddie were able to keep their romance off the front pages. No one suspected it at all, for Jane Wyman's name had been linked with so many others, like Greg Bautzer, Lew Ayres, Travis Kleefer. But she side-stepped marriage with these likely eligibles, disappointing all the columnists who had predicted this "glorious state." And then suddenly she ran off, leaving everyone with "their deadlines down," and married Freddie Karger.

They had fallen in love while they were both working on the same picture, then aptly titled "Love Song," in which she co-stars with Ray Milland. Freddie was writing all the musical arrangements, which included all of Jane's songs. They say that Jane (CONTINUED ON PAGE 68)

Jane's torrid dancing catches Ray Milland's roving eye in "Let's Do It Again." ►



Jane's marriage has been very good for her daughter Maurine.



Freddie Karger and Jane found each other at the right moment in the most unexpected way.





Rosalind Russell with Jane Wyman whose sudden marriage to Fred Karger was the surprise of the year to her Hollywood friends.

Go get your Man!

By SALLIE BELLE COX

"No girl," declares
Rosalind Russell, "need be
single when, with
just a little effort, she can
get any man she wants"

"ANY GIRL can get any man she wants! If she stays single, it's because she wants it that way. When a woman makes up her mind that a certain man is the one she wants to marry, all she has to do is go after him."

The absolute conviction with which Rosalind Russell spoke intrigued me.

"Supposing there isn't a man in view that she really wants," I challenged. "She can't create him out of thin air!"

"She has to find him," Roz returned

imperturbably. "She has to go on a man hunt."

"But where?" I persisted. "You can't exactly go to the Bureau of Missing Persons in search of a man you've never even met."

"If a girl wants a job, she goes after it," Roz said. "She doesn't sit around waiting for the job to come to her, does she? Well, marriage is a career too—and the most *important* career for a woman, as anyone knows—so you have to approach it in the same way."

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 63)



Rosalind and hubby Fred Brisson enjoying some refreshments in New York's Central Park. "Charm," says Roz, "never fails in winning a man and holding a husband."



by John Barrymore Jr.

Why I Married Cara...



"In Cara, I saw the most fascinating woman of the ages—the combination of companion, wife, mother, playmate . . . and she is mine, all mine."

Cara Williams awakened in young Johnny emotions he had never before understood. "It was like a flame of fire—like sweet, gentle music"

I WAS fifteen when I made a vow that I wouldn't marry for fifteen years—not until I was thirty. Then, and until my twentieth birthday, I didn't feel that I would ever love a woman—not deeply enough to ask her to be my wife. And then I met Cara Williams!

Cara has glorious red hair—hair that I wanted to run my hands through at will—and a mouth that I wanted to kiss.

A man always envisions the perfect woman with trim ankles and feet, nice legs, a perfect figure, simple, yet lithe and willowy, soft and femininely curved. You look for everything in a girl—beauty, intelligence, brains, good taste and especially a strong emotional impact of spiritual and physical appeal. In Cara, I saw the most fascinating woman of the ages—the rare combination of companion, wife, mother, adviser, friend and playmate. I

wanted to make her mine and keep it that way always.

Like most boys of twenty, I had gone out with many girls—most of them beautiful too. Some I had kissed, but I had never experienced the excitement that would make me say, "I love you. I want to marry you!"

I seemed, in a sense, detached. I would wonder at their display of emotions and, more often, I would regard being drawn out into the moonlight from a party a little annoying. I'd rather remain with the group than go outside with some girl. And I'd try to avoid lipstick on my collar, not to mention my face, and all of the romantic words they wanted to hear.

Pier Angeli was the first girl I ever thought seriously about. May Mann, the columnist, invited me to a party alone and she introduced me to Pier. She was the loveliest young girl I had ever met. But (CONTINUED ON PAGE 65)

◀ A portrait of John's parents, Dolores Costello and John, Sr., hangs in his home.



ARE WOMEN CRAZIER THAN MEN?

By ART LINKLETTER

Do they do more silly little things in life than men or do we just

imagine they do? Or are women actually more intelligent than men?

An expert, whose career is the daily doings of men and women, gives the answer!

PEOPLE are my hobby. Long before I made a business out of it, I have had a natural curiosity about other people. Not only for what they could tell me about their own lives, but for what they could do towards answering a question I had always asked myself, "Are women crazier than men? . . ."

Now that I have managed to build a career out of my curiosity, I still don't know the answer. After long years of interviewing, on radio and television, some 25,000 people of both sexes, I still have to make up my mind whether women are crazier than men.

Women will climb the highest mountain, walk three times 'round the block in a downpour, and even stand on their heads—if not for men, at least for good giveaway programs.

MEN, on the other hand, I have found think that having fun with their dignity is like taking a part of their life in their hands. They'd rather hold on to it as they would a comfortable old jacket or pair of pants. But to women in general, the art of make-believe—with its spice of the ridiculous—is like trying on a new hat, and they let the jibes fall where they may.

Women talk better about things they know very little about, while men talk best about things they know something about. A woman who has a lot of security and is happily in love, has a family, and no fears of anything or anybody, is able to unload her thoughts (*and often her heart*) with ease—and to whomever is ready to listen to her.

All in all, she manages to venture opinions without fear of contradictions, because if she is wrong she is the first to admit it. She says, "Yes, I am wrong . . ."; and she can say that because she knows that she is right in so many other departments.

Probably one of my most embarrassing moments when interviewing

someone on the air occurred when a woman came out of the audience for a little department I have from time to time, called, "How Did You Meet The Man You Married?" I interviewed her without, for some reason or another, noticing that she was about eight months' pregnant.

I am so intent on looking into the eyes of the people I interview (*it being part of my technique to completely embrace them, so to speak*), that, mike in hand, I didn't realize that I was bending over to (CONTINUED ON PAGE 67)



Women will do most anything, if not for men, at least for giveaway programs, says Art, with Harold Lloyd and hostesses at opening of his bowling alley.



Wed 17 years, Art and wife have 5 kids.



Maggi McNellis and Dennis James introducing Robert Taylor to TV audience at gala New York premiere of "The Jazz Singer."



Maggi with Maria Riva, TV star and the daughter of Marlene Dietrich, at special dinner party which preceded the opening.

MAGGI'S PRIVATE



Good-natured Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz have given their endorsement to Jane and Betty Kean's comedy take-off on them.

LOCAL CALLS: Betty and Jane Kean, the TV comedy cutups, have a comedy routine in which they give their impressions of the "I Love Lucy" stars, Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz, but it is something strictly for private parties. The Kean sisters and the Arnazes have been friends for years and it is with the personal endorsement of "Lucy" and Desi that Jane and Betty continue to mimic their good friends . . .

If you happen to hear the name Bryce Hutchens used on the Robert Cummings show at any time, you'll know that the star of "My Hero" is just having fun. Bryce Hutchens is the name Robert Cummings used to be known by at one time during his early screen career. He got the idea of using it on his TV show from Veronica Lake, who, during an appearance on an interview telecast kept mentioning her "good friend," Constance Ockelman. Only close friends and devoted fans knew that Miss Ockelman and Miss Lake were one and the same . . .

Peggy Wood, celebrating her fourth year as TV's *Mama* next August, always hums the same tune from "Naughty

COMINGS AND GOINGS OF VIDEO PERSONALITIES



Maggi, in gay mood, arrives at the Paramount Theatre where premiere was held, with Danny Thomas, star of "Jazz Singer."



Veronica Lake, with Eloise McElhone, started something by talking about her friend, Miss Ockelman, during TV interview.



The joint debut of Bob Sterling and Anne Jeffreys as night club entertainers drew every topflight celebrity in New York.

WIRE

By
**MAGGI
McNELLIS**

Marietta" during rehearsals of the show. Dick Van Patten, who plays *Nels*, her oldest child on "Mama," finally asked her why and learned that *Mama Wood* got her first show-business break as a teenager when she auditioned for Oscar Hammerstein and landed a job singing in the chorus of "Naughty Marietta" . . .

Raymond Scott, the musical maestro of "Your Hit Parade," has branched out into the recording field also. He formed his own organization, known as Master Records, and his initial set of waxings will feature some of the wonderful Raymond Scott Quintet masterpieces with lyrics sung by Dorothy ("Your Hit Parade") Collins, who is Mrs. R. S., of course . . .

Betty Furness, one of my favorite performers on TV, did a telecast recently in which she sang during the program. Actually, the voice was that of Anita Ellis, the thrush whose voice is used for Rita Hayworth and Ava Gardner in movies. With Betty mouthing the lyrics and Anita singing offstage, the effect was very realistic.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 70)



Betty Furness' warbling on a recent TV show may have fooled all who heard her, but not her 13-year-old daughter, Babbie.

Jan Sterling's unorthodox formula works fine in her unique marriage to Paul Douglas

How to keep a guy happy...

By Helen Louise Walker



Don't pamper him, share his interests, dress to please him and face the facts of life together, advises Jan.

I DON'T feel married—that is, in the usual, mundane sense of the word. I feel that we two have a real partnership in a good life."

Jan Sterling says that is one of the nicest things her husband, Paul Douglas, ever said to her. And that attitude may explain, in part at least, why Jan's ideas about marriage and about how to keep a man happy are unorthodox by some standards. The Douglasses are an unusual couple and there are certainly no clichés involved in their relationship.

"You hear so much about the necessity for wives to 'pamper' their husbands," says Jan. "To take unobtrusive pains to make them comfortable and to smooth the domestic path with a lot of subtle attentions. To me, to make a 'project' of pampering a grown man sounds as if his wife were treating him like a slightly subnormal child.

"Certainly you want your life together to be comfortable and relaxed, to run smoothly and pleasantly, but I don't see how it can work except on a partnership basis.

OF COURSE Paul and I both work at the same sort of jobs, so we understand one another's problems and stresses and strains. If I'm working and he isn't, then I get all the special consideration. And if Paul is busy at the studio while I'm resting at home—of course I try to make things as easy as I can for him." Jan has been working recently in "Pony Soldier" with Tyrone Power and Paul has finished "Forever Female."

"But I don't see why it wouldn't work just as well for two people who do different things. A wife wouldn't expect her husband to come home from a tiring day in an office and take over a lot of her responsibilities—but he would realize that house-keeping and caring for children can be pretty tiring, too. They would consider one another's comfort and peace of mind—if they loved each other."

But Jan concedes that if you are in love with a man your greatest pleasure is pleasing him.

"I could never be comfortable wearing something he didn't like. There are two reasons for that. First—after all, he is the one person, more than any other in the world, for whom I want to look nice. Secondly, Paul has perfectly wonderful taste and I know that if he says something isn't right for me—then it isn't.

"He never goes with me to select clothes, though. He hates stores because he says they make him feel suffocated. But I know that he likes me in severely simple things with no frill or fuss. (CONTINUED ON PAGE 62)

One way to keep a man happy is to look like Jan does emerging from a quick swim. ►



Screenland Variety Values

By Marcia Moore

Be kind to your purse



Joan Taylor wears halter dress of glazed chambray.
It comes with matching bolero (*not shown*). 9 to 15. \$7.95.
In gray, brown and mauve-rose. At most GRANT Stores.

Screenland shows you the way to a collection of
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A

Crisp checks of Dan River cotton come in green, brown, black. Belt has button trimming. \$7.77 at G. C. MURPHY Stores.

B

Easy-to-wear, easy-to-care-for: Sanforized Everglaze polished cotton dress from G. C. MURPHY. Sizes 9-15. Only \$7.77.

C

\$2.98 makes this sleeveless seer-sucker dress your own, in green, red, grey, navy. Sizes 12-20. Cinch belt, 98c. All at KRESS.

D

Soft flattery in slimming two-toned model at \$5.98. W. T. GRANT dress comes in two shades of grey, lilac and purple, blue and navy.

E

Luscious shades of smooth cotton percale plus elasticized midriff help make this \$2.79 charmer a winner at NEWBERRY'S.

C



D



E



A



B



Joan Taylor and TV's Roxanne wear our selections this month. Joan, with Bob Hope, Marilyn Maxwell and Mickey Rooney, is in Paramount's "Off Limits." Dial "Beat The Clock" for Roxanne.



Our roving photographer found CBS-TV's Roxanne in Gimbel's (New York) Shoe Department.

Roxanne Goes Shopping

Looking over Spring and Summer shoe styles, Roxanne pauses to admire Honeydebs shoe designs for casual living. She finds this a colorful collection, which includes linen shoes, platform and low wedgies in raffia, variations in nylon mesh and the handsome new Grecian sandals



Eve Gardiner, Max Factor's Director of Make-Up in England, visits Marsha Hunt, film star, at current stage engagement.

LOVELINESS SHALL REIGN

By ELIZABETH LAPHAM

Techniques and make-up for Coronation beauty work just as well for you

WHEREVER you go, whomever you talk to these days, the conversation invariably gets around to the subject of the coming Coronation. What a thrilling and glamorous spectacle it will be! But did you ever stop to think what very special problems a Coronation presents to the women who are privileged to attend? We were mulling these over in our mind when it dawned on us that the beauty problems that will confront the ladies of the British nobility will be just an exaggerated version of yours and mine.

When Eve Gardiner, the Director of Make-Up in the Max Factor London Salon, landed here the other day we cornered her. Here was our golden opportunity to get an inside story on

how Miss Gardiner and her staff plan to help the English beauties keep looking beautiful throughout the impressive length of the Coronation. Miss Gardiner, an enchantingly vivacious young person, seemed as eager to talk about the Coronation as we were to listen. She pointed out that she and her staff will be busy giving make-ups throughout the night before the big day—dressmakers and hairdressers also will keep their salons open. So much of London will be closed to traffic that the Coronation-bound beauty will have to allow a great deal of additional time just to get to her destination.

The long-lasting make-up that Miss Gardiner will give is the complete

Max Factor make-up used by so many screen stars. If you want the same sort of professional result, you must remember to take the same painstaking care in applying it. Start by preparing your face, removing every trace of overnight cream or old make-up. At the London Salon they'll do this with Max Factor's Satin Flow (*a quick-working liquid cleanser*). Then they'll pat on Skin Freshener to close the pores and take off every last vestige of cream. Right there you have the basis for a part of the success of any make-up. It's the Skin Freshener step that keeps your face from developing a shiny gloss through the make-up when you get hot or nervous.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 52)

Next, will come an application of either Pan-Cake or Pan-Stik over Invisible Make-up Foundation. If it's to be Pan-Cake, a moistened sponge is used to smooth the preparation evenly over the entire face and neck—Pan-Stik is stroked directly on the skin and then blended and the color "set" with a damp sponge. In either case, the shade should be chosen to idealize the natural skin tones.

Cream Rouge goes on over Pan-Stik at this point (*it should be put on under Pan-Cake*). The rouge is most often dotted on the prominent part of the cheek bone, then blended upwards and outwards. To flatter an overly thin face, Miss Gardiner will see that the rouge is kept high and wide. On a full face, the trick is to bring the rouge shading down the outside of the cheek.

Now comes the face powder. Experts like Max Factor point out that the correct application of powder is half the secret of a lasting make-up. A velour pad should be used and the powder patted on, never, never rubbed or stroked on. Eve Gardiner always recommends patting around in a circle so that the nose is last to be powdered. This cures the common fault of over-powdering the nose so that it looks as though it didn't belong to the rest of the face. A face powder brush, used lightly at this stage of the game, takes care of all surplus powder. (*For English beauties or any others, face powder is chosen a shade lighter than the foundation color*).

Since the whole trend in make-up is toward greater naturalness, Miss Gardiner told us that she will trace eyebrows with more of a downward line at the outer edge than in other years. There'll be just enough of a touch of eyeshadow to add emphasis but lashes will get the full

treatment, with mascara carefully brushed upward on the upper lashes and downward on the lower. Lipstick colors for the Coronation will have to be clear and strong to stand up against all the competition given by the rich reds and purples of the Coronation robes. Max Factor's Clear Red and Brighter Red blend perfectly with the royal reds. At the English salon, a lipstick brush is always relied upon to give a properly controlled line—in your own hands it may seem a little tricky at first but once mastered you'll never be content with anything less professional.

For the final step in the make-up, there's still that important territory below your chin. Max Factor's neck make-up starts off with Make-Up Blender or Pan-Cake applied evenly over the whole area. Over this goes a dusting of talc. Excess talc is brushed off with a powder brush. And there you have it—the complete make-up that will keep a peeress looking her prettiest throughout a Coronation or you and me throughout an eight-hour day. If there's any surreptitious refurbishing to be done, we can all whip out our new Max Factor Creme Puff compacts and count on this combination of foundation and powder to restore a faultless finish.

The vitality and clear skin you need to back up your make-up are the products of health. Health, these hectic days, has to be bolstered by the scientific potency of vitamin-mineral combinations. The latest eminently complete formula is Beauti-Mins, tempting pink capsules to be taken with each meal. Many cosmetic departments carry them or you can get them from de Heriot, Inc., 4650 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood 27, Cal. 36 tablets are \$3.50.



Ironically, Lana plays a star who is unhappy in "The Bad And The Beautiful."

Lynne was going to meet Lana's twelve-year-old daughter Cheryl. "I knew you were seeing Lana quietly before you went to Mexico—lucky man," I said. "She is really lovely, isn't she?"

Lex smiled assent but he didn't offer to expound further on the subject.

"Since you were both at the Mocambo and Ciro's that night, everyone knows." I insisted, "It must be serious."

"It could be," Lex sighed at my persistence, "but I don't want our friendship to become a publicity romance. Lana's too nice a girl." And that is when he said she was the nicest girl he had ever met in Hollywood.

He was definitely reluctant to say more. So I said, "At least, you might tell me how you two finally got together. For you were sitting in that very chair a couple of months ago when you said that it would have to be a matter of fate—that you didn't want your intentions misunderstood."

Lex smiled and partially relented, "To be truthful, a mutual friend decided we should meet and a month later, invited us to a dinner party. I arrived, but the hostess said Lana had sent word she was ill. After dinner, I asked the hostess to please call Lana and say I was sorry that I had not had the opportunity to meet her again. The next day, my friend called to report. Lana had said, 'Tell him not to be silly. Why not call himself?' A few nights later, we had a date for a quiet dinner.

"All I want to find is happiness," Lex said. "I don't care whether it is in this business or any other. Lana, too, is looking for a life that is basically solid. We find we have many ideas in common. We've both had unsuccessful marriages. We've both learned from experience and we're ready to settle down. Lana turns down countless invitations to parties and premieres. I have never cared for them, or a round of night life—although I go and Lana has—to escape boredom and being alone.

"I am sure Lana is very much afraid right now to be tied up with anyone. She doesn't want to fall in love immediately. Nor do I. We've both been through the mill and I guess that makes one a 'little gun-shy,' so to speak. She is a real sweet

LEX CONFIDES ABOUT LANA

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24]

quits. The truth is that for three weeks before that eventful night which was to switch the lives of four people, Lana had been annoyed and had wearied of Fernando's Latin possessiveness and jealousy.

Reportedly, for seven days he kept calling Lana's house; but that next morning, she had left for Palm Springs. It was "finis." Fernando and Arlene Dahl (*the latter newly-divorced from Lex*) immediately began publicly dating. Hollywood wondered and, at this writing, is still wondering if Lex and Lana are seriously dating.

That first time, Lex had said, "I would like to call Lana—but I am afraid she might misinterpret my call. I am going to wait, even if it takes a year, to meet her properly and when there will not be headlines."

Weeks later, Lana and Lex walked into the Mocambo and, after the show, they ran across the street to Ciro's. That was the first time everyone knew they were seeing each other. But when he left for

Mexico, and Lana was seen out with a couple of other admirers, Hollywood concluded, "It wasn't serious with Lex and Lana after all."

Lex and I have been friends for years and when he dropped in the afternoon following his return from Mexico, he sort of took my breath away. He was so lithe, lean, tall, and tanned an even gold from the Mexican sun. With him was "Monique," a miniature dachshund.

"It is too lonely living alone," Lex smiled. "I guess we make a rare combination," he observed as he put the pocket-size pooch in his pocket and settled in a big chair by the fire. "I have a big Newfoundland, Nibbie, who stays with the children." (*Lex has a girl and boy by his former marriage.*) "This one— isn't she cute?" He stroked the puppy fondly. A very dear friend had given her to him. He also said he could stop only for a moment, because he had a date to pick up his twelve-year-old daughter Lynne. "Are you taking her shopping?" I asked.

Lex said no, they were going to tea.



Lex's ex, Arlene Dahl, switched partners with Lana in dating Fernando Lamas.

girl. Believe me, I never want to hurt her—ever. Just make her happy."

A man could never have spoken more sincerely of a woman than Lex did in those few brief remarks—without committing himself as being in love with her. And yet, he did not say they were in love. They are keeping out of the limelight—away from the places where their appearance together would make headlines. They have favorite restaurants out in the Valley and along the seacoast where the food is good and no one pays attention to film people.

"Going to Ciro's and the Mocambo that night was one of those 'spur-of-the-moment' ideas. We had been to a dinner at Minna Wallis' and had left early. Lana is making 'Latin Lovers' at MGM and never stays out late when she is working. As we passed the clubs on the strip, we laughed about everyone wondering if we were going together or if we weren't. So we suddenly decided to drop in for a minute and get it over with. Fortunately, Lana had a late call next morning because we didn't leave the Mocambo until three. Everyone wanted to know if we were in love, were getting married, etc., etc. Lana is such fun, and we have so much to say to each other. It seems we always run out of time. We danced, and she is a wonderful dancer. She is five-two and I am six-four so she danced on her tip-toes."

Most people imagine Lana Turner is a night club girl. But she isn't. She prefers quiet dinners and she likes to be with one person, not ten or fifteen.

She invites friends to her beautiful Holmby Hills house. Lex is a great cook and loves to invite his friends to his home for dinner. Those who know Lana say she would like to quit pictures and settle down to being the beloved wife of the man she loved. True, she tried to quit her career when she was married to Bob Topping. Financial reasons, however, brought her back to her lucrative career, for Topping, reportedly, spends money faster than his income permits. Lana was generous when they were divorced. His family paintings were taken from the walls of her home—the home she had had

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Lex and Lana ended the guessing game as to whether or not they were seeing each other by suddenly dropping into crowded Mocambo "to get it over with."

TAKE IT EASY, AVA

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29]

No one quite suspected his real mission.

He was gone almost before anyone realized it, but in the interval between the plane's arrival and departure, he'd accomplished something. Dr. Robin Humphrees, doctor-on-a-vacation, told Ava Gardner the truth about herself. Whoever summoned him to Africa—studio, husband, or patient herself—the appraisal was a stern one.

"Take a year off," said the doctor. "You've been going at it too hard. Rest up now, or you'll be sorry. Finish 'Mogambo' or whatever the thing's called, and forget you're a star. Try, for a change, to remember you're a wife, and you can be other things, too."

One of Ava's closest friends reports that dialogue of the young, understanding English doctor, and the story goes that the girl concerned gave good clear hearing to the warning. Ava knows, as no one else can know, that you can go so far—and then you have to stop.

The doctor's visit was top secret for everyone concerned—studio, Ava herself, and Frankie, who is possibly more concerned than anyone about the state of Ava's health. She has been going a hard, fast pace in her work alone, and no one worries more about what the present is doing to her, and what the future may bring.

One thing that can be said about Frankie is that he knows the part nerves play in an entertainer's life. Like most people who have been on the verge of a nervous breakdown, he can recognize the tell-tale symptoms faster than anyone—even the family doctor.

Today Frank Sinatra is worried about Mrs. Frank Sinatra. With an uncertain future of his own, he sees the picture ahead for Ava—and it looms ominous and predictable. The portrait of a movie star who is going up, up, up. How he will cope with that is quite a problem. Not that Frankie is going down, down, down. But temporarily, as can happen to many talented performers, he is staying still . . . not in a rut, mind you, but a little dormant, to put it kindly.

One of their intimate friends reports, "Frankie, no matter how harmonious things are at home, can't help seeing with a clear eye Ava's new MGM contract. It involves over a million dollars, and calls for 12 pictures at \$100,000 each. She can make the first three pictures on this contract in Europe—tax exempt."

That last clause is the one that baffles Frankie. In his own long years at the game he has never had the same opportunity. In all fairness to Frankie, his contracts, as lucrative as they have been, have not earned him his due profits. Everyone from Uncle Sam, to a handful of sundry managers, and his own actual high, generous overhead has taken his toll.

"Frankie," says an official of the United States Treasury, "is a great guy. He can give hundreds of gold cigarette lighters to his 'friends,' but ends up not being

before she knew him—leaving big, bare places. She also returned the heirloom jewels of his family.

Lex found himself on the spot when I asked him to tell me the truth—is their romance serious? Naturally, he is proud of Lana but he is adamant about their friendship being misunderstood, or smacking of publicity. Lex comes from a fine family of sound background and prominence. While he is no stuffed shirt, he stands on gentlemanly protocol and frowns on the insincerity with which a lady's name is too often used in Hollywood publicity. But he couldn't help agreeing that Lana is completely fascinating and a woman of great beauty.

Lex admits, "She is interested in the things that I am doing. Also, one of her chief charms is that she is such a good listener."

Lex has just completed what he says may be his last *Tarzan* picture—unless he makes another this Summer. He likes the *Tarzan* roles but feels he is ready for other types of pictures. Recently, he co-starred in "Riders Of The Desert" for Warner Bros. with Randolph Scott.

"You can both believe you have mutual interests," Lex said, "but it really takes

a long time to actually know you have them. When you are over twenty-one, you have established a well-set pattern for yourself. Hollywood is filled with so many people who try to be what they are not. Lana dislikes phony people as much as I do. Most of my friends are people you never hear of. Lana's closer friends are not name people either.

"Lana's chief charm is her naive belief in the good in everyone. She has never been crafty or conniving. She never tried to get into this business by using other people and, therefore, she is not suspicious of other people's motives. Her simplicity and the honest outlook that she has retained, no matter what has happened to her, and her complete lack of cynicism are wonderful to see. It," Lex admitted, "makes a man feel very protective.

"Before you make a story of this, I am going to run," he said. "If you must say something, you can say that I dislike being a bachelor. It is lonely. If Lana and I should be so lucky as to fall in love—if—well, it could be wonderful!"

Yes, he does send her red roses.

And red roses spell "I Love You"—as everyone knows!

END

able to afford a lighter for himself."

Seeing what happened to himself makes Frankie worry about what can happen to Ava. At the moment his plans are clear: he will play the part of the tough, embittered Italian in "From Here To Eternity." There's a plum of a role anyone could be proud of—but what will it bring to Frankie? A handsome fee, the chance of nomination at an Academy Award, but a mere drop in the bucket when it comes to meeting his commitments.

No matter how you look at it, Frankie Sinatra is still married to Nancy Sinatra—financially. So much of his income—actual and potential—is earmarked for his ex-wife, that anything he earns today is merely a tip to the bill Ava has to pay.

Many marriages have gone on the rocks because of financial stress. There is no chance that the Gardner-Sinatra union will break up for that reason. Combined, their incomes are large and enough to take care of all overhead and emergencies. But . . .

"Frankie worries about his pocket-book. In the many years he's been at the game," says a confidant, "Frankie has never been short on a commitment. But financial stature is a long way from artistic endeavor, and the husband of Ava Gardner can't lightly dismiss the threat of one member of the family succeeding and the other failing. Intermittently, he may measure up—in dollars and cents—but in the long run it is the popularity count that is likely to get him down."

High in the polls of the nation's popularity, Frank Sinatra, it is true, could worry about seeing his wife at the top of the ladder, and himself at an intermediate rung. Whatever may be said of

Mr. Sinatra, although he has lost dignity in the eyes of many people, he has rarely lost pride in himself—or his accomplishments. One rung down the ladder and he is the most miserable of individuals. And lately he has been losing many rungs.

All of which brings us back to Ava Gardner, and the disaster that possibly could take shape in 1953. Aside from all the usual fatalities that can break a movie star's career—uncontrolled temperament . . . appearance in half a dozen box-office flops . . . participation in scandals . . . ill health—there is a big private problem which may take its toll of Ava.

Ambitious for herself, Ava will not turn aside from her career, or from pulling herself up one rung after another of the success ladder—yet, if she loves Frank Sinatra, she will inevitably be torn between accomplishment of her own ambitions, and sympathy for his present marking-time. Nothing could be more difficult for Ava than having to play down her natural pride in her own success out of love for her husband, and sympathy with his current stalemate. To anyone of Ava's temperament, this could very well be a private volcano which might blow the roof off the house.

So with Ava it could easily be ill health—both physical health and mental frustration—which would halt, but not necessarily extinguish, a flourishing career. For a long time her closest friends have worried about her health. Her studio has cast a concerned eye on her inability to rest and relax. Even her own husband, himself a nervous dynamo of energy (*much of it false*) has pleaded with Ava to slow down.

Today it would seem that Ava is living



Bellhops at London's swank Dorchester Hotel, just like American fans, want Clark Gable's autograph. He's been in Africa with Ava Gardner for "Mogambo."

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on her nerves. Her smile has an unfamiliar tenseness to it, her laughter is often brittle, forced. She smokes too much. Her eyes have a ceaseless shift from one thing to another.

It is something of a miracle to Ava's friends that she hasn't ever cracked up. But fundamentally Ava is a healthy girl—when her mind is at ease.

Anyone would find it hard to stand up under the emotion and strain of Ava's last two years. In the long run, there is bound to be a price to pay—and Ava is paying that price today—in unsureness.

Unsureness! In any acting career there is no harder price. Unsure of the roles to play—unsure of her popularity with the fans—unsure of her way of life with the man she loves. It could all spell disaster to even the healthiest person.

You don't have to know Ava well to know that she is all-out physical; that she floats beautifully in the shallow waters of the superficial world of Hollywood, and sinks in the strong tides that are set in motion by anything that is of

the earth.

The very earthiness of Nancy Sinatra is something Ava can never forget. It hit her as probably nothing has ever hit her in all her life, through all her marriages, and along the rapid journey from nonentity to the pinnacle of fame she now occupies.

Woman to woman—the true story of Ava Gardner and Nancy Sinatra is never likely to be formulated. The loser still looms strong, formidable, and what is worse, deeply sympathetic. To many of their intimates, the shadow in Ava's life—and the basis of much of her precarious state of health—is still the shadow of the woman Frankie left behind.

In the eyes of many, when Ava can dismiss that shadow for all time and lose herself in the substance of her newly-found happiness with Frankie, she will be well on the road to being back as Hollywood first knew her—radiant with natural health, and unneedful of medical check-ups, pills, or that extra glass of bubbly.

END

new male whose apparent attractiveness has temporarily distracted me.

Sometimes you've probably had this same experience I reached recently. I was ready, dressed to the teeth, the minute he arrived. Don't keep a nice man waiting is my motto—it's not nice, and he's nice to know! Idiotically, I'd assumed he'd whisk me out. From his attitude when he'd suggested we go somewhere, he could afford it. I'd had visions of dining and dancing. When he appeared he beamed. So did I. After mother had retired to her room with a good book, he mentioned a drink of water. Water seems awfully dull for a marvelous person. A polite touch of flavor would give his glass a zing, I guessed.

Are you with me? Has this fate floored you, too? Two hours afterwards you're starved and you're stuck, staring with a forced sparkle at television. Then you murmur as tactfully as any woman could, "Perhaps we'd better start or every place will be so crowded we'll never get in." He gives you a darling grin and you bite your lip for being that forward. At midnight, though, he's still comfortably sprawled on the couch. Your preparations to be stunning have sagged. Your hair is hanging sadly on one side. But you're clutching your temper to the bitter end. You're only famished, besides. Of course, he isn't. He's confessed breezily that he ate a huge dinner before coming over. He snaps you out of your daze when he casually quips, "Well, I'd better get along now. I have to get up early in the morning." Speaking candidly, I detour from such a gay deceiver by replying to an invitation with, "What do you want to do?" It's practical, and a

LET'S TALK ABOUT MEN!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31]

have to establish a fine front quickly to be accepted. A man who even fibs to me about his friends, his family, his possibilities, his past, or salary seems weak. A fantastic pitch for attention, and avoiding the mention of the everyday problems we all have in some form, is running away from life. Whatever's bound to fall flat some day strikes me as a poor substitute for the frank confiding you get from smarter men. What if a man is broke or miserable right now? He should admit it to a friend. If he's genuine, I'm going to root for him!

But the male who scorns stooping to conquer is another story. I shiver when I meet a man who is appallingly honest from his opening remark. He's the one who could be really dangerous from the first moment on. When he decides to be emotional, his effect can be atomic. It's what a man actually has courage enough to search for in this world that sets him apart from the rest. Once he is positive what he wants to achieve, he's on his way! I'm all for a man who is. If he's still undecided, or if he's plain lazy and has no sense of responsibility, he ought to be concentrating on one kind of promising job after another. When he's ambitious to become the greatest at what will bring him the deepest satisfaction, he's grown up enough to be ready for love as an adult. Until then he needs a lot of mother love. At least, this is how I see it. I want to be a mother to my children in the years to come, not to a husband.

A girl shouldn't hesitate to be practical immediately, I've concluded. When a man isn't, I'm completely confused.

If he wants to come over and watch television because he already has beaten his budget to a pulp for the week, I'll

get a kick out of a quiet evening—providing he's said straightforwardly that this is what he prefers. I don't have to tear around all my free time, don't want to be taken to only expensive spots because I happen to be in the movies. I don't judge men by their superficial assets. That's why I'm surprised by the



Dick Haymes and his wife, the former Nora Eddington Flynn, at the Mocambo on their last public appearance before finally deciding to go their separate ways.

Man with a capital M isn't flustered.

Manners never make me mope! They're the icing I hate to resist. I can dream a red carpet is unrolled specially at my feet, can revel in the Grade A treatment when men open doors for me, offer a light for a cigarette, wait till I walk ahead, don't take anything for granted. I melt inside. I'd rather be sent by a gentleman than cringe at crude conduct. It's easy for a man to throw his weight around, so it doesn't impress me. He has to care truly about all his fellowmen and women, respect everyone for hopes and potentialities as important as his own, to rate as charming in my book. Then he won't debate whether or not he should behave like a gentleman. It's always worthwhile. I'm talking about real charm that's a million miles from the slick tricks of a promoter. A charming man uses his desire to be considerate, tender, and grateful to unlock my loyal affection. When a man literally has your interests and comfort as his code in action, he's slightly irresistible, isn't he?

I wonder why some men are scared to be sentimental. I believe that when you have happy hours with someone you remember everything that happened and want to share your memories whenever it's possible. A private glance, a sweet note, a dreamy wire, a single rose to recall a wonderful time—I fall apart, deliriously, when I encounter a sentimental male. Men can be both realistic and romantic, without skimping on either.

Men who don't respond to music worry me. I suspect they miss so much. They tend to be the type who don't understand that women enjoy any touch that makes a setting beautiful. Men who shove you into a packed, noisy night club might try a simple candlelit table for two. When passionate violins go into "Play, Gypsy, Play" I sense my mother's Viennese and my father's Hungarian blood.

I wonder about men who dread to laugh. What's wrong with being silly? It's fun! Roaring at your own eccentricities is healthy. Yes, I am attracted by a man who is a comedian. He has a keen awareness of the absurdities around us.

The lack of logic in some men astounds me. When you ask them, for instance, what'll be proper for you to wear they're liable to be casual as Crosby with their answer. They assure you it'll be entirely informal. In words of one syllable: you don't have to dress up! Unless you've had a remarkable Winter, you're way ahead of me here. You reach the party and everyone is so chic you can't bear it. So your puzzled escort turns and barely suppresses his glare. Obviously, you're crazy for dressing in such peculiar taste. You can't kick him and mutter, "You told me it'd be as elegant as a hot dog stand!" Next, you're guilty of a simper, and on me a simper is a sorry sight. You remain miserably Miss Misfit of '53 for the evening. Only I don't get trapped like that anymore. Now I probe with a few leading questions whenever I say thanks to an invitation. I go prepared then. I've bought some

dresses with strapless tops and matching jackets. If it's as informal as billed, I'm all right in a suit. If the other women have chosen an evening gown, I take off my jacket and I'm wearing one too.

Men! I no sooner figure out what a certain man will do than someone else disturbs me into beginning a new diagram for his behavior. I'm not upset, though, by the painfully booked-up ones who make their dates three weeks ahead of time. They'll be free then, they say. Flowers start coming in the interval. You count the days to your lucky occasion. But I don't now. I can't survive the drumming of my fingers. I don't want to be anywhere near that dated up myself. What are you proving by straining to show how popular you can be? A date should be spontaneous fun. If you like a man, see him as soon and as often as you can! If I'm not amused by him, I won't kid anyone that I am. Is it a sin not to have a date even on Saturday night? I don't think so. I get a bigger kick out of going to the movies with my own mother than I would from getting bogged down with a drip.

I don't feel irritated because men are different from women in their concern over things rather than about personalities. It is stimulating to have to read and discuss what's going on in many phases of life. What she said to me, and I told her, is repetitious and trivial compared to the challenges that generally are more evident to the male mind. Gossip is for idle girls only, not to dangle at a man.

What can each of us do to help bring better conditions in our own city and country and in the world we share with so many other nationalities? I like to listen to suggestions and try to do what I can in my own small way. I've no urge to be a parasite, and I'm glad men don't want a girl to be dumb and helpless. Men are proud when we demonstrate any constructive feelings.

I am enthused by the idea of a trip to Europe whenever I can finally get it between pictures. Not merely to learn what men there are like! (I hope to find out.) Playing the Palladium in London would be a career peak. I wish I could study all the leading stage theatres abroad. Then, I don't want to see all the famous places I've dreamed about merely as a rushed, tired tourist. My notion is to explore with no time-table frustrating me. I have a whole suitcase filled with what to see in Paris alone!

Meanwhile, never having gotten further towards the South Seas than the shore at Santa Monica, I've at least an authentic sweetheart from Samoa for 20th Century-Fox's "Down Among The Sheltering Palms." The studio went 7,000 miles to locate Sailoff Jerry Talo, champion swimmer there, and flew him to Hollywood for his role. Since a fictitious island is the locale for our musical, a suitable native language had to be devised. Dr. William J. Lessa, professor of anthropology at U.C.L.A., was the man who recalled 30 dialects spoken in the South Seas. He combined three of the languages. As the princess in a sarong,

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I'm the first to speak this new tongue. I decide to cast a love spell over Bill Lundigan, who portrays an American Army captain in command of an occupation unit.

I was entranced by the moonlit lagoon and all the tropical trimmings. Then it dawned on me some scenario-writing, movie producing, film-making males had decreed I'd have to go to walking school

to master the capang-capang. This is what South Sea islanders call the slow, swaying gait of the women there. Luana Mu-Annu, from the Fijis, taught me to undulate like an ocean swell before I even heard the tempting beat of a tomtom. You must go barefoot as the very first step.

I wonder what some man will think of next!

END

THE LESSON IN LOVE I NEVER FORGOT

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33]

first appearance as a star on TV—he had quarreled with me the night before. Over what? He had imagined that I had smiled too warmly at the boy playing opposite me. Bob had caught the end of the rehearsal when he came to take me out to dinner. He was furiously jealous. He asked me why I flirted. I assured him I had not. I was humiliated when Bob said, "Either you tell him or I will—to play your scenes strictly within the script. He's only trying to make a fool out of you." I begged him not to provoke a quarrel. I had to be up early the next morning. I wanted to look my very best for this was my first big break. It was so important to me.

Bob's jealousy worked into a fury. He argued and raged for hours. I later realized he had enjoyed giving this attention-demanding performance. I wound up with a headache, a sleepless night and, of course, I was terribly unsure of myself the next day on the show.

In the beginning, I thought it was perhaps male pride. He was against a woman having a career. He felt that a woman's work was merely a pastime, and certainly not to be taken seriously. When he learned that I made much more money than he did, he started fretting that he couldn't buy anything good enough for me. More often, he would say, "Quit your job." On Christmas and my birthday, he bought me a three-way phonograph and a bracelet. I discovered that he had sold his set of rifles the first time, and a treasured painting the second, in order to buy these gifts.

We could make no marriage plans because he said he would not marry a working girl. He had such great charm and physical attraction that I was sure he was right and I was wrong in wanting to go on earning my living—even when he couldn't guarantee a future for both of us. Finally, I acquired a guilt complex about my work. My heart wasn't in it. One day, after I'd known him a year and when I had fluffed the dialogue on a long commercial—my indignation and independence broke through. I suddenly fully realized that he couldn't really love me and still keep me so upset. Even though he was handsome and could be so wonderful—his childish tantrums had turned into a jealous regard of me and my work. He insisted on dominating me. His attitude had become over-possessive. I concluded that his kind of love, that had

me on the verge of ulcers, wasn't for me.

On the rebound, I became engaged to a very level-headed, very stable and practical young interne. He was consideration itself. While he was not flamboyantly handsome or exciting like Bob—at least, it was nice to date a boy and be calm and serene and enjoy a peaceful life. Then I began to find that perhaps it was too peaceful.

He—I shall call him Fred—was interning at a hospital in a small city outside of New York. He set one evening a week to come to New York and see me. He never varied from this schedule. He would call me twice a week at a certain hour when the long distance rates were less. He was almost too practical. He never took my breath away by sending extravagant bouquets of five dozen red roses—for no reason at all—like Bob. Rather, he would send me a greeting card or, on occasion, buy a bunch of violets from a street vendor. When it seemed that our once-a-week dating did not allow him to take me to parties and other unexpected occasions that would arise, he

insisted, "Get some one else to take you. I am not jealous. I understand that you can't sit home six nights a week."

This surprised me. With Bob, I had scarcely dared to be civil to old friends lest he flare into a fit of jealousy. And here was Fred—suggesting that I let other men escort me. When I came to Hollywood to make pictures, I knew that Fred was not for me either. Where Bob would fight to hold me—Fred was too complacent. He came to Hollywood to see me and by amicable agreement, we called off our engagement.

Now, I was fancy free and heart free. All around me, I had seen too many grabbing at love. Too many were blindly mistaking mutual attraction or infatuation for a life-time emotion that didn't exist. I realized that I, too, had been blindly grabbing. I decided to go along with my work and not worry or be over-anxious any more.

One night at a Hollywood party, I met Bam Price. He had those same arresting qualities that Bob possessed which so attracted me. Black hair—dark, handsome eyes—coupled with a terrific personality that outshone everyone else at the party. "He's flashy," I thought. "Has some good lines and he's out for a good time. Likely, he collects girls' telephone numbers—for his ego. A 20th Century Don Juan."

Two weeks later, I moved into a new apartment house. One morning, I ran down to the incinerator with the wastepaper basket. My hair was in curlers. My face was freshly scrubbed—sans so much as a lipstick. Standing there was the same Bam Price. By sheerest coincidence I had moved into the same building as he. I almost died of mortification.

"I live next door and say—I like you better this way," he grinned. "You have nice skin—in fact, beautiful skin. Why



It took two unhappy love affairs for the luscious Anne Francis to learn how to love. Now she has a devoted husband in Bam Price, the "boy next door."

did you try to hide it under all that make-up?"

Then I remembered. I had had make-up poisoning and that night I went to the party I had used a heavy make-up to hide it. Bam had thought I was a regular painted Hollywood doll—and he hadn't been interested in knowing me further. As for himself—he had tried to whoop it up with laughter to create gaiety and ease an embarrassing situation that concerned (*unbeknownst to me*) two people who maintained a strong feeling against each other. He was playing the cover-up-life-of-the-party and I had mistaken him for a playboy.

As we grew to know each other, I learned that he was 27, had graduated from pre-med school, that while convalescing in an Army hospital, he had started a radio show and had wound up taking a course at UCLA majoring in motion pictures. Now, he was working on his Master of Arts degree—by filming his own hour-long movie for his master's thesis.

Our casual acquaintance grew into dates. I found myself happy, very happy, when Bam asked me out for a hamburger—or to go see a movie—or to help him with his film—or to drive with him to a new location for some special scenes for his picture. Soon, my thoughts centered mostly on Bam. I was happy—happier than I had ever been. I couldn't wait until evening when he would call me.

Instead of resenting my work, he was proud of me. He would spend hours with me—talking about my work as well as his own. We had so many mutual interests that it was soon obvious to everyone who knew us or saw us—that we were falling in love—deeply in love.

He never became violently jealous—nor went into tantrums when anyone would smile at me or when we would go to a party and some one would single me out to dance. But he was always there. I was his fiancée. His possessiveness showed in his real affection. I was certainly not taken for granted.

Bam wouldn't hock our furniture to buy me an extravagant gift—but he often brings me roses. Whenever we go shopping, anything I look at, he'll say, "Get it. Why don't you get it?"

Recently, I completed a picture, "A Lion Is In The Streets," for Warner Bros. on loan-out from 20th Century-Fox Studios. I played the swamp girl *Flamingo*. At the preview, Bam couldn't have been more complimentary. "You have what it really takes," he said, squeezing my hand in the darkness of the theatre. I couldn't help but think—Bam has what it really takes—for real love—for me.

When I learned to love everyone and not myself or my conceptions of love—I learned the invaluable lesson of what real love can be. And that, with patience and time, will come. Don't grab for it. **END**

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and "If You Take My Heart Away" by Georgia Gibbs for Mercury . . . Frankie Laine's "I Believe" and "Your Cheatin' Heart" for Columbia . . . "Let's Fall In Love" and "All I Need To Know" by Dick Haymes for Decca . . . Joni James' "Your Cheatin' Heart" and "I'll Be Waiting For You" for MGM . . . Art Mooney's "I Just Can't Take It Baby" and "I Played The Fool" for MGM . . . "The Price I Paid For Loving You" and "Walkin' The Floor Over You" by the Fontane Sisters for Victor . . . Norman Greene's "Blue Porcelain" and "Suspicion" for MGM . . . Ray Anthony's "Campus Rumpus" album for Capitol . . . Sammy Kaye's "Light-house In The Harbor" and "An Angel Made Of Ice" for Columbia . . . Guy Mitchell and Cindy Carson's "So Am I" and "I Want You For A Sunbeam" for Columbia . . . Kay Starr's "Side By Side" and "Noah" for Capitol . . .

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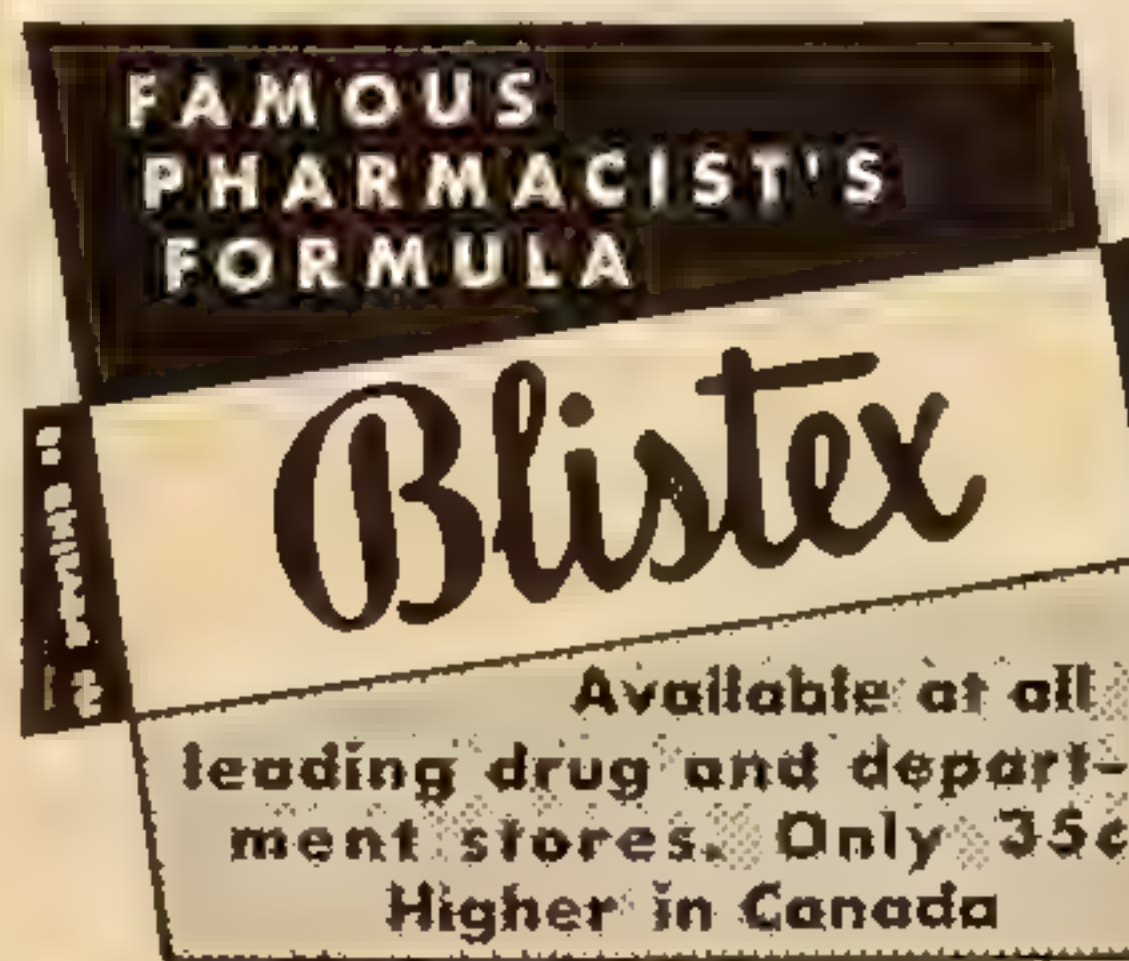
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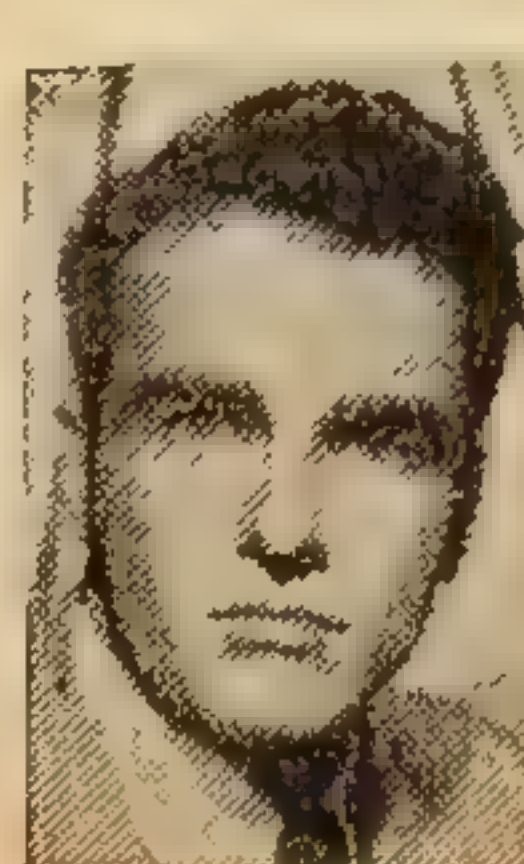
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TERRY'S TECHNIQUE FOR DATING

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35]

should he obediently change to suit a woman's plans for him? I want a date to have the courage to become the best he can be, strictly as himself. If we don't have enough in common, that's no fault on either side. We should go on and meet someone else, because no one was born with the privilege of sidetracking us from our own instincts.

"A date deserves to be treated as someone who's marvelous, because he certainly can be to someone. Belittling him is awful! It betrays the narrowness that hides beneath a shallow criticism. I don't," Terry stressed, "see how you can pay too much attention to a date when you're with him. It's the courtesy he rates. Flirting with another fellow, or leaving the table to talk to others unless he suggests it, insults the man who's complimented you by inviting you out. Every man is bound to be different. The problem is simple. How much can I enjoy what he likes, sincerely? That's what I ask myself!"

Her remarkable awareness of the variety existing in the opposite sex, and her determination to get a kick out of accepting a man for what he actually is, have made her truly adult at last. She genuinely wants to understand men, as well as herself. In maturing, she's broadened her scope so intelligently she's never bored.

Today Terry is a licensed pilot. If she has spare hours she can get a guaranteed thrill by going out and flying a plane herself. This hobby began when she and a girl friend used to hang around the airport eagerly to watch her friend's father take off in his plane. He was so tickled by Terry's genuine enthusiasm for the sky that he taught her to solo. Now she can borrow a two-passenger Cessna or a four-passenger Beach Bonanza whenever she's in a hurry to get anywhere out of town. Ordinary traffic jams are skipped as she blissfully hurls through the clouds, untroubled by old-fashioned fears of the stratosphere.

"I love outdoor men," Terry went on specifically. "An athlete develops championship form by learning the easier way to score in sports. Why not apply that trait, of cultivating the least effort to win smoothly, in life? It'd cut out a lot of unnecessary confusion!"

While she was interested in a tennis professional it was only natural to acquire her semi-tournament style with a racket. She rides with rare grace since a superb horseman inspired her to keep up with his pace. She'll bowl, or play ping-pong, with dash, thanks to some dears who linger in her memory. This Summer she'll rush onto the beach for volleyball and to swim, and next Winter she'll ski in Sun Valley again, because of the gusto she appreciated in other vigorous lads.

Don't assume she can't comprehend good books, because she can. Don't assume she can't revel in the glamour of a dining and dancing whirl, even if she's

such a sight in the sunlight. When a young English actor visited Hollywood a couple of months ago, he deftly maneuvered an introduction to Terry and did his utmost to sweep her off her feet in his fashion. The sun didn't send him, but sophistication did. Fortunately, she was between pictures, so for ten afternoons and evenings she was a social butterfly at a series of parties. He still doesn't know her outdoor self, since she soon recognized they couldn't have that brand of fun because of his nature. Her ear for a hot band, her rhythm in the samba, and her ready wit totalled two hundred per cent to him. Appropriately, she dazzled him in a succession of five stunning new cocktail dresses and three fabulous formals. The columnists, of course, announced that the two were in love.

But the week after he had to return to London, she was up at Pebble Beach to cheer on the golf professional she liked most in the major tournament there. On their hilarious drive back down the coast, they stopped to take practice drives and putts at every golf course they could spot. He's never seen her in anything but sweaters and skirts. She knows night life would be dull for him.

Her wardrobe has been deliberately built on the sure-fire theory that you can't miss with excellent taste. Whatever the occasion the date provides, Terry's in a spotless, suitable ensemble. To her a man never is simply an excuse for flaunting her latest purchase. She could shop ecstatically in the important dress houses in Paris, and is delirious over the fashion accessories at any chic shop, but she'll never disturb a date with flair that's too fantastic, either. "As soon as he wants you to dress more conservatively, you know he cares," she declared to me. Publicity geniuses who've attempted to proclaim that Terry wears nothing beneath what you can see, have been balked. "I treasure beautiful lingerie," she informed them. Her grand-

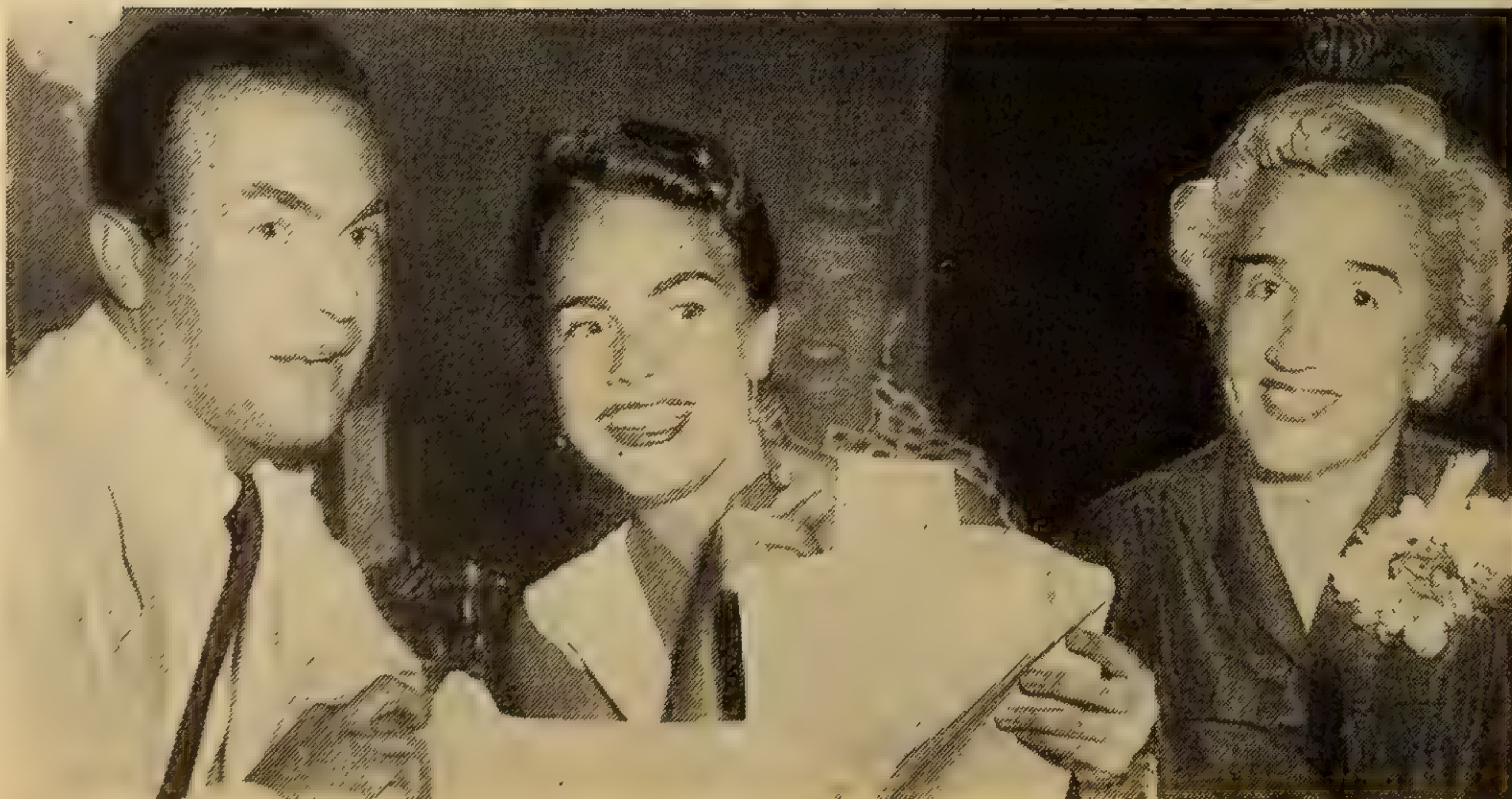
mother told her, she explained, that a girl ought to pick the prettiest underthings, for you never can tell when you might be hit by a car!

"The quickest way to get a marriage proposal is to say you don't want to marry anyone," she said, swerving to what a date deserves when he becomes serious. "I have absolutely no intention of getting married again soon, so I say so truthfully."

When she was twenty Terry burned her fingers on love at first sight. One month and nine days after her first date with Glenn Davis, the flashing football hero that season, they had a family wedding and she counted on it being for forever. She had no inkling Glenn expected her to quit the movies. Residing in Lubbock, Texas, for his oil business, after being born in Los Angeles and always adoring acting, was not her destiny. They had to acknowledge their courtship had revealed but half of their hopes, and when what had been unexpressed clashed, a divorce was the solution.

Terry's willingness to let a date be himself doesn't imply she thinks he should be indiscriminately yessed. Once he grows earnest she never lies about her own preferences. "It takes time and different circumstances to get thoroughly acquainted, and a date deserves plenty of both." That's why she'll have a much longer engagement in the future. "When I was in high school a boy asked me for a year to go steady with him. Then when I said yes we broke up in two weeks. When you're a teen-ager you can be heartbroken because your steady may suddenly see another girl and walk out on you. What's hard to believe is that there are so many years ahead. It's a pity to cheat yourself of what you can do, by settling down too soon. A mutually rewarding marriage is the most wonderful thing in the world, but it won't happen until the timing is correct."

Today Terry knows she still isn't ready to settle down, even if she once guessed she was. She's had a normal home life, in spite of making her movie debut at ten, at the same studio where she's returned in triumph now. A neighbor then sent Terry's photograph to a casting mag-



When Terry Moore goes to a fashion show with Designer Michael Woulfe, she's smooth and sophisticated. On the right is her mother, Mrs. Louella Koford.



Ann Blyth and Dr. James McNulty have bought a house at Toluca Lake and are in the throes of wedding preparations and festivities. They'll wed in June.

azine. When it was printed the amazed child and her mother were called in for an interview and a good role was won. Unlike Jane Powell and Elizabeth Taylor, Terry didn't stay in a studio school between her pictures. She managed to shift from tutors on sets back to the public schools in suburban Glendale. She held onto her professional status during her bands-on-her-teeth phase by acting in nearly all the major network radio programs originating in Hollywood, and happily tackled the leads in the plays at Glendale High between ingenue leads in films.

"Every date deserves the facts about a girl the minute he begins to make long-range plans. I'm glad I've learned so much more about myself, so I can be quite fair. Men don't want to be kidded, don't deserve any phony line. They dread female babble, but are stimulated by honest feminine opinions. I'm surprised that I'm very deceiving at first, unconsciously. My background doesn't mean I could be content being wholly domestic. The truth about me is that I have as much temperament as any actress and always will have it. I'm excitable, don't intend to turn calm. And, when I'm sufficiently provoked, I'm mean. I'm not ashamed to tell any date this, because I hate sweet people who cover up their human impulses with a coy act.

"I'm gregarious, so I couldn't be cooped up in a house for one man alone. I won't stay put in one place until I do considerably more traveling. I'm going to get my wondering about distant spots I've dreamed about out of my system. Flying the Atlantic to make my new picture in Germany was such an eye-opening experience, and all I've seen so far in Europe makes me want to keep

on adventuring and seeing the world."

Since she's been emotionally free Terry's been on the edge of an engagement three times. "But I sensed it wasn't right. A girl is foolish to be the victim of conflicting emotions when she knows better. I believe in letting a man salvage his pride. 'Tell them you broke up with me, that it was your decision!' I don't hesitate to say that if a man is hurt.

"No date deserves any pettiness. Possessiveness that's carried to ridiculous lengths, jealousy, horrid little tricks to hold a man—what has attacking him where he's vulnerable got to do with love? Making demands, arguing in public, embarrassing him in any manner—where will that get you? No date rates being walked on! He shouldn't be dragged to parties only the girl wants to go to. But consideration is a two-way deal, too.

"I've no use for a man with a bad disposition, who pouts because when he gets you someplace he immediately wants to go somewhere else. I don't drink or smoke, because I'm a Mormon, so I'll never get involved with a man who's a heavy drinker. His depression sets in eventually and then he'll be quarrelsome or silly.

"I'll be the kind of wife who'll always want to progress in her own profession—acting in my case. So I'll have to live close enough to where my work is." Terry's knack of reciting an entire script after two hours of study is only part of the framework of the acting technique she's mastering. Elia Kazan, the top Broadway and Hollywood director who guided Marlon Brando to fame, has just finished putting Terry through her spirited performance in "Man On A Tight-rope" and he now has dubbed her the



Corporal Jerry Crump U.S. Army Medal of Honor



THE REDS had been attacking all night in overwhelming numbers. By dawn, Jerry Crump could see that his posi-

tion alone was keeping them from overrunning L Company. Twice he went out to meet them with his bayonet. Once he recaptured a machine gun. Four times he left shelter to bring in wounded.

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female Marlon Brando because of her talent and individuality.

"Every date discovers I don't cook and don't want to, as long as I can make enough money following an artistic streak!" Don't leap to the idea Terry doesn't cherish all the advantages of a home. She's always gotten along fine with her family, could always speak freely and be sympathetically helped. She's been able to entertain relaxedly at home. Her mother is as young as a sister in outlook, and all Terry's dates soon call her Mom. Her dad, a business man, is just as genial. Her twenty-year-old brother Wally is following in her acting footsteps. The neighbors are entranced by the excitement Terry's vitality perpetually causes, for she democrati-

cally includes them in the commotion around her. At home she needs two telephones, with two different numbers, and when she runs back and forth to conversations on both, while trying to decide what to do and what to wear, the delighted onlookers chuckle. Whenever she begins a new picture they recall the black snake she found on location in Florida. She adopted it as a pet, chiefly to scare the frightened assistant director.

She's a screwball because she's so honest, her pals say fondly. I don't think Terry will tumble from the tightrope she's on now as a soaring star. I predict she'll really wait for that rugged, fearless, brilliant, artistic, sensitive he-man who's only her dream guy so far. She's so real that he'll have to be! **END**

HOW TO KEEP A GUY HAPPY

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 46]

about them. Good things. And he can't stand platform shoes or ankle straps. Things like that. I have also discovered that he seems to have a sure instinct which makes him like me in expensive things, whether I've told him the price or not. That's not a bad trait in a husband!

"I wouldn't think of going with him to order clothes, either. He is the best dressed man I know—without any help from me! He has everything made to order so there is never any reason for me to do anything about shirts and things.

"I did buy him some ties once, though, just to experiment. He was very sweet about it. All he said was, 'Oh, you shouldn't have bothered to do that, dear.' And suddenly I knew I *shouldn't have!* I took them right back to the shop the next day.

"But I wonder if a lot of men don't force themselves to wear things which make them writhe inwardly, just because the little woman picked them out and they can't bear to hurt her feelings."

Jan has forthright ideas about a good many marriage bromides.

"You're always reading in women's columns and magazines that you must never let your husband see you when you aren't at your best . . . all bandbox groomed. Never in pincurls or without makeup or with cream on your face. I think that's nonsense.

"Pincurls are simply a fact of life that a husband has to face. If you're going out later on and want to look nice, you probably have to wear pincurls for an hour or two. You certainly don't want to hide from the man as if you had something infectious. At least, I don't. And I don't want to keep reaching for a lipstick every few minutes, either. After all, if Paul wants to skip shaving for a day or even two, I don't mind. I want him to do as he pleases.

"And as for looking like a lacy Valentine at breakfast—in the first place I don't think he is likely to notice you much so early in the day, or to be in the mood to criticize you. I want to wear a reasonably unrumpled housecoat (*I don't want*

to be revolting!) and maybe it's a good idea to tie a scarf around hair which may not be at its best. But I see no necessity for getting all done up as if you were going to pose for a fashion layout.

"If your marriage is a good one, there are too many interesting and important things to think about and do together to be bothered about such details. Togetherness counts so much. Every successfully married couple must have mutual projects. Of course we are both crazy about our work, so the most fun we have has to do with that—going to the theatre or movies, reading together, working up acts or just talking about acting. When Paul's little girl, Maggie, is here (*she is with us one month in every four*) we have a lot of fun with her.

"Other couples have different kinds of mutual interests—gardens or music or some sort of hobbies. They are awfully important but you must both enjoy them."

But what if one likes some activity that the other one can't stand? That is difficult for Jan to understand.

"If hunting, for instance, means a great deal to him, then she should try to learn to like it, too. He'll enjoy it more with her than with anyone else. But if she simply can't stand the idea, then I suppose she must encourage him to go ahead without her. But I wouldn't encourage him to do many things without me. I'd join him and try to like it no matter how it upset me."

Jan also thinks it is a mistake to differentiate between "woman's work" and "man's work" in matters about the home.

"It's *our* home and Paul has just as much, if not more, to say about how it is run than I do. He is the tidy one in the family, the one who notices whether things are in order or not, and I am constantly trying to discipline myself to be neat, too, on his account. I'm everlastingly grateful that we have separate bathrooms so that I don't upset him when I leave wet towels and things around. But if we had to share one I'd do my part about keeping it in order if it killed me.

"That is only good manners and I think good manners are as important as anything I can think of in marriage."

One of the ways in which Jan keeps her man happy is by *not* cooking for him!

"Paul is the cook in our family," she says. "He can do wonderful things with wines and spices and mushrooms and all sorts of intricate sauces and salad dressings and he often concocts elaborate meals on the cook's night off. He is the one who gets into a corner at parties and trades recipes with some other gourmet and I notice that there seem to be as many men as women who are interested in cooking.

"I don't like it, and I have never had any training for it, since until I was married, I lived in hotels. Once I tried to whip up, as they say, a chocolate cake. But I turned the Mixmaster on too hard and splattered icing all over the kitchen walls and decided, then and there, that Fate had not meant me to cook. Paul, I might add, was very much pleased when I said I wouldn't try it again.

"I do think, though," she concedes, "that there are a lot of little things which a woman should attend to without bothering her husband. Things like going to a new butcher shop because the old one sold you a tough roast. Or sending for someone to fix the vacuum cleaner. Women have been coping with the small details of domestic life for centuries and they do it easily. Those things bore a man to death—even to hear about them."

Jan was warned by well meaning friends not to marry Paul because they were both born under the sign of Aries and were therefore too much alike in temperament to make a go of it. "Opposites, not likes, should marry," said the well wishers.

"But I think it is precisely because we are so much alike that it has worked so well," Jan says. "We have the same tastes, the same traits and we understand one another. We are sensitive to the same things, we are alike emotionally. How could you know how to make anyone happy if you didn't understand him?"

"Because, you see, it is just as important to *like* someone, as a person, as it is to be in love with him. Haven't you known people who were emotionally involved with each other, stormily in love, but who had no tastes in common and didn't even *like* each other very well? That can be torture!"

And how does she feel, at parties for instance, when other women, as they inevitably must sometimes, show that they, too, appreciate the charm of the handsome man to whom she is married?

"I like it," says Jan, emphatically. "He is my husband and I am terrifically proud of him and I'm pleased as anything when other people admire him. Why shouldn't I be?"

She isn't at all certain that her theories for making a man happy would work for everyone. "We aren't exactly average in our personalities or our situations," she thinks. "But I do think that the idea of marriage being a partnership should work for everyone. If it isn't a true partnership, then something is lopsided somewhere." **END**

DANCING DAUGHTER

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22]

had a wonderful time and they were all loads of fun. Mr. Gable couldn't be a more genial fellow, or a more modest one, for all the adulation.

Just to show you the effect Clark Gable has on women of all ages, Gene and I came home from the studio one day to be greeted by an ecstatic Tina who's all of three years old. She had been walking on Bond Street with her nurse, and she was bursting with excitement. "I saw Mr. Gable! I saw Mr. Gable!" she screeched, jumping up and down.

Tina got as much of a kick out of England as Gene and I did. She insisted upon going to Buckingham Palace almost every day to see the changing of the guard. While we were in Cornwall she had the time of her life playing on the beach, and soon was no longer the dainty child she had been when she left home. She was really rough and tumble, acquired the ruddy complexion of the English. She even rode a horse, and I gasped to see that mite cantering around, of course on a lead rein, usually followed by three large dogs—two police and a boxer.

We had one bad experience in our hotel in Cornwall, which was a repetition of something that once happened to Gene in New York. She was robbed of every piece of jewelry that she owned. Of course, she was insured, but so much of what was taken had sentimental value.

Gene said that she will never own another piece of jewelry, and will let the world know that anything she wears is paste, and anyone who likes paste is welcome to take it. In addition to the jewelry, the robbers took one pair of shoes, the fanciest and most glamorous pair, but not another thing to wear.

In London we lived in smart Grosvenor Square, where so many Americans live, and our "flat" was just about four doors from the American Embassy. Mr. Roosevelt's statue in bronze was directly in front of our door, so it was all quite homelike. We bought a history of England and brushed up on our English history before making the rounds of the museums and galleries.

We flew over to Paris one weekend and had a glorious time and Gene ordered a Paris suit. Had a wonderful trip to Scotland and saw no end of beautiful country, heather in full bloom, lots of lovely Gothic cathedrals and castles. We didn't see the Queen, but saw the Duke of Edinburgh when he opened the Military Tattoo in Edinburgh. He is more attractive than any movie actor we have ever seen. He just reeks with charm.

Now Gene is back in London, working in "The Day's Mischief" for J. Arthur Rank. Although she is not a ballerina in this picture, I know she'll never lose that fascination for the ballet which she acquired in "Never Let Me Go." **END**

GO GET YOUR MAN!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 42]

"How does she go about finding this man?"

"Let me tell you about a girl I know, and what she did," Roz chuckled. "She had been telling me how dull and empty her life was, and I said, 'The trouble is that you should get married!' She said that she knew that—she *wanted* to get married, but she never met anyone interesting; the only men she knew were the drips who hung around the water cooler at the office. So I said, 'Okay, start with the drips!'"

"Start marrying those drips?" she exclaimed.

"No, foolish," I replied. "You have to wade through the drips in order to find the Right Guy. Now this is what you do; you have a party and invite every single one of those drips. Everyone knows a drip, so it stands to reason that drips know non-drips. You tell each drip to bring an extra guy if he can—and most of them can, because people love parties. Now, one of those extra men may be the Right Guy, but the chances are against it being *that* easy. However, even if nothing but *more* drips turns up, every one of these drips is obligated to reciprocate your hospitality, even if it's only taking you out for a cocktail. When one invites you out, maneuver it, if possible,

so that it becomes a group instead of a twosome—"Let's ask so-and-so to come along"—you know. Sooner or later, one of those drips will take you to a party where you'll meet someone who isn't quite such a drip, so you concentrate upon him. Ignore Drip No. 1; drop him. And when Drip No. 2 leads you to something better, you concentrate upon the improved model. Use them as stepping stones, and, inevitably, you meet The One. But you have to do it by getting into groups, meeting people, and widening your circle of acquaintances. Otherwise, it's a case of 'East is East, and West is West, and never the twain shall meet.'"

"You make it sound so simple," I murmured.

"It is simple," Roz said. "As I told this friend, all that she had to do was to buy a bottle of Scotch, and a bottle of Sherry, and that's not too much of an investment for the most important thing in your life. Of course, she had to put up with the drips for a time, and she had to exert herself a bit for them, but getting *anything* that you want in life requires some effort, and doing some things that you'd prefer not doing. She *did* finally meet the Right Guy, and she married him, and I was the happiest person at that wedding, you can bet!" Roz laughed,

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TONY CURTIS



Barbara Britton, star of "Mr. and Mrs. North" TV series, with her husband, Dr. Eugene Zuckor, at TV Awards Dinner. They're expecting their third child.

"Barring the bride and groom, of course!"

"I still think that it sounds too easy," I demurred. "Sounds like one quick jump from a cocktail party to the altar. When she met the Right Guy, how did she convince him that she was the Right Girl? The plot at that point intrigues me; supposing she doesn't dazzle, bewitch, or even bother him at first glance?"

"There are three things," Roz continued, lifting her hands and counting off on her fingers. "*Beauty* isn't necessary—you only have to walk down the street to notice how many plain women have got themselves attached to handsome or distinguished husbands. So what's the answer? Either you must have money, or fame, or—" she paused and lifted her eyebrows, "What's left? What is it that a woman must have if she hasn't anything else, and is the most important thing, no matter what else she has? *Charm*," said Roz, her eyes lighting up. "A woman must have charm; it's her most powerful weapon. That's what gets a man!"

"But we don't always know exactly what is meant by the word *charm*."

"It's consideration for others, basically. Here's an example: last night I went to a party for Mary Martin, and when I arrived, the place was crowded. On the far side of the room I saw a woman rise and come toward me; it was Jean Dixon,

the veteran actress, and a superb one. She had got up and crossed that room to tell me how delighted she was that I was finally coming to the stage—I've waited for this for a long time!" she said, "And I just had to come and tell you!"

"Well, that just got me," Roz said. "She made me feel wonderful. I went around glowing like a flashlight all the rest of the evening. She made the effort to walk across the room to say something very nice to me—that's *charm*!"

"And I remember the host of another party who came out in a snowstorm to see us to our car instead of saying good-night at the door. It wasn't necessary to do so, and he made us feel very special. That's what you call being a charming host!"

"Being a good listener is a quality of charm. One hears that constantly, yet few people actually listen and appear interested in what the other person is saying. Men love to talk about themselves, and wise women know that, and give them the opportunity to do so.

"The charming woman thinks of what the *other* person wants to do. When the man who is taking her out to dinner asks where she'd like to go, she's smart to find out where *he'd* like to go, and then, when he makes a suggestion, she falls in with his wishes and desires—and *likes* it. If she's bored, and doesn't appear to be enjoying herself at the place

he has chosen, it's quite likely that the next time he'll take someone else who appreciates his efforts, and creates the impression that they share the same likes and dislikes. No man in his right mind is going to choose a woman for a life-time companion with whom he can anticipate a tug of war every time they go out for an evening. If she goes into a sulk every time she isn't taken to the Stork Club, she's killing her chances of being taken *anywhere* by that particular man for very long. If being at the Stork Club is more important to her than being with him, that's an answer in itself, he's not the right man for her."

"That brings up another point," I said. "Let's assume that a girl has charm, or the ability to *make* herself charming. She's met the Right Guy, the charm has worked, and they're married. Since, obviously, you believe that the girl in the case guides and controls the courtship, it might follow that the success of a marriage as well largely depends upon the woman. Do you believe that, Roz?"

"Yes, I do. Marriage is a career, as I said before, and should be approached and prepared for like any other career. Girls give time, energy, and study in learning how to become secretaries, dieticians, fashion stylists, and whatnot, knowing that they couldn't possibly step into positions without doing so, yet they expect to jump willy-nilly into marriage without the faintest idea of how they're going to carry out the job of being a wife and homemaker."

I thought vaguely of courses in how to keep spinach fresh and frilly, and how to cut down Early American highboys into late American lowboys.

"How would one say a girl should prepare for marriage?"

"By studying her subject—the man she's going to marry—learning all about his tastes and interests and inclinations, his disposition—that's *very* important—his idiosyncracies. She should see him under all kinds of situations, so that she knows what he's like at his very worst as well as his best. She should *take her time*—not leap into marriage without knowing exactly what she's facing. I took *my* time—I wanted to be sure. And I'm more in love with my husband now than I was when I married him eleven years ago. He has a sweet disposition, and that word 'sweet' may sound peculiar when applied to a man, but that's exactly what he is. And he's the most considerate person in the world; that consideration for the other person that we've been speaking of is a very important factor in marriage. The husband who crawls home in a completely bushed state after a harrowing day at the office, followed by a ride in a crowded commuter's train, only to be greeted by a wife who just can't wait to pour out her grievances about the broken down washing machine, or the misbehaving furnace, must be something more than human to refrain from asking himself why he didn't stick to bachelorhood and a dog which could be counted upon to greet him with a joyously wagging tail.

"People who work together are fortunate in that they have mutual understanding of the problems, wear, and tear

of everyday. Take us for instance; when I've been up since 5:30 to be on the set at 7:00, and a lot of things have gone wrong, Freddie knows all about it, and he understands how I feel at the end of that long, exhausting day. If I come limping through the door, drained of all energy, and perhaps slightly disgruntled, he's neither surprised nor inclined to take it as a personal injury. He doesn't expect me to come leaping and bounding in with war whoops like a hockey playing school-girl. He knows how I feel, and his understanding and consideration make me feel better. Just like a pick-me-up.

"On the other hand, I know all that he has to contend with at the office, and when some nasty problem has to be ironed out, I understand how he feels at the end of the day. So I try to lift his spirits instead of adding to his troubles and aggravations.

"I realize that the wife and husband whose daily lives are worlds apart have to grope a bit in the dark for complete understanding, and they're deprived of our favorite indoor sport—shop talk. But, on the other hand, they have the ad-

vantage of not seeing too much of each other. It seems to me a question of adapting oneself to one's own particular marital set-up, and making the most of its advantages.

"Whatever the circumstances, charm never fails in winning a man or holding a husband." Roz glanced at her watch, and then burst out laughing. "I talk about being a good listener, and here I've gone on talking for nearly two hours.

"You were being considerate," I said. "You knew that I wanted you to express some opinions, and you couldn't have made it easier for me!" I might have added, "Nor more delightful!"

Few women can be positive and still retain their charm. But in expressing her brilliant mind, Roz bubbles and sparkles so that her sugar-coated pills of wisdom seem to have been dipped in champagne. And whatever charm may be, she has it in large quantities. The producers of her new Broadway musical hit, "Wonderful Town," can attest to that, for Roz is causing stampedes at the box-office and will probably be busy on the New York stage for months to come. END

WHY I MARRIED CARA

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41]

I never kissed her—nor did I ask to. I spent quite a bit of time with her but, to me, she was just a sweet young girl. Then I met Cara.

There had been a gag about her being French when we were first introduced. The joke continued for a week. I would sit and look at her silently and wonder if she were real, this exquisite woman. And her laughing eyes seemed a challenge. I had to keep my impulses in check. I could scarcely resist her.

There was that first night when we really became acquainted. We had been to the theatre and had stopped at my sister Dee Dee's apartment. We began to talk and soon it was two a.m. We talked right on through the night—all about myself, herself, my father, her father, my career, her career, what I wanted out of life, what she wanted out of life. We talked until four o'clock the next afternoon. I was completely fascinated.

She is that rare combination of beauty and brains. She has such charm and such a wonderful speaking voice. It wasn't only her beauty that attracted me. She acted and spoke like a woman—not a silly girl. As she talked, I saw in her everything a man seeks in a woman he wants to share his life with.

She's a great mimic. She knows the theatre and acting, for she has been in it since she was a child. She is well read. It is unbelievable how much she helps me. She coached me for four days, for a test my studio, RKO, wanted me to make, and when I made it, everyone asked, "Did your Aunt Ethel coach you?" Cara is under contract to MGM and plays the feminine lead in Red Skelton's next picture. She's the greatest thing that

could happen to a man. She has a strong mind, and when you're young, some one strong makes you twice as strong.

I hadn't even touched her hand that first night we talked. But as I sat there listening to her, talking to her and confiding in her—suddenly, I wanted more than anything to hold her—and kiss her.

I went to her, and bending down, I kissed her sweetly—not roughly—on the mouth. I thought, she is the first girl I feel like being very sweet and kind with—almost protective. I drew her over to the divan to sit beside me. I placed her hand in mine—and it was like a flame of fire shooting from the tips of my toes to my head. It is unexplainable. It was like listening to music, sweet, gentle music, with sudden overtones of stirring, fiery music. I tried not to show my feelings, nor how I marveled at my emotions, but I knew then that I must marry Cara. In reflection, I discovered I now knew how girls in love, who had heretofore seemed a little silly to me, actually felt. I realized for the first time that I must have seemed rude and a great bore.

Of course, there was another man. The way was not clear. Cara told me that he was returning from New York and she would see him for a week until she was sure of her feelings. I bought an eight-day candle. Each day, I'd say, "You must burn eight days," and I placed it in the window. When its flame was exposed to a draft of wind from the opening and closing of a door, it still burned. On the sixth night, Cara came to me and we drove to Las Vegas where we were married.

My mother was shocked but welcomed us back. Her mother was quite upset, and so were some of the press, who took a "How long will it last" attitude. The fact that she is about four years older made them a little unkind. Or they thought I was too young. But they didn't know our hearts. My mother, my Aunt Ethel and my Uncle Lionel wished us every happiness.

That first week, we moved Cara into my bachelor apartment. It took twenty-five trips in our Jaguar to move her



David and Mrs. Wayne leaving theatre after attending a sneak preview of his latest film for 20th, "Tonight We Sing." They're now vacationing in Michigan.



Marge and Gower Champion at a party at the Palladium added to the gaiety by dancing for the guests. They're currently appearing in "Give A Girl A Break."

clothes. They overflow the extra closet, the guest closet, my closet, and my clothes are hanging in the hall. "We must be practical, Johnny," Cara said. "We must look for a house." We go house-shopping and we are eagerly searching for a home of our own.

Cara is efficient about money and about everything. She is more practical than I, and soon she instituted the budget system of running our life. Where my milk bill was forty dollars for me alone, today it is twenty. I have just as much milk. No longer do bottles spoil in over-abundance, and overflow the hallway while the Barrymores are away. When I wanted to buy a new expensive sport coat, she said, "But Johnny dear, we could use that money for food and the house." It was no sacrifice to pass it, or many other things, up. As long as we're together, I'm happy.

After our honeymoon at Howard Manor in Palm Springs, we became so engrossed in each other that we rarely see our friends. Cara's six-year-old daughter Cathy (*by a previous marriage*) shares part of our time. On Saturdays, we take her to the amusement park and watch her ride the ponies and the merry-go-round. The other day, she said, "Daddy, put me on the choo-choos, will you?" I can't explain how that made me feel. She called me "Daddy." It was wonderful. Now I want a child, Cara's and mine. If we have a son within a year, when I'm forty-one, he'll be twenty-one and we'll be like brothers. All of the camaraderie I missed with my own father (*I only saw him once that I remember*), I will give my son—our son.

My wife has given, and is giving me, everything I've ever missed. Someone to believe in me, to be heart and soul for my interests, to encourage me, to expect great things from me, and to give me the

determination to be worthy of her expectation and faith in me.

When we were about to say our marriage vows, she suddenly looked up at me with great frightened eyes. I was the one who had to be strong—to reassure her. "Darling, I love you with all my heart," I told her. "You know I will do everything to make us happy." Today, after three months of marriage, I know that if we should ever come to divorce—which I know we will not—I'd never marry again. I could never love anyone else so completely.

Someone said I was too young to marry—to know real love. Serious love, I believe, is reserved for the young. When you are young, everything is more serious, more intense, more deeply felt, more until-death-do-us-part than when life has become cynical, embittered.

Unintentionally, sometimes, Cara hurts me. As when I tell her I love her, and her mind is engrossed in rushing to dress and reach the studio. Or when I feel that she is not as keenly aware of my love as I am, I feel like a scene from "Dante's Inferno" with my whole stomach gnawing away. Then, she smiles and puts her arms around me and reaches up for a kiss—and I am complete.

I never read books, but Cara reads to me. Long evenings, we lie in each other's arms while she reads and I stroke her beautiful hands—and listen to her lovely voice. And then we talk and she makes me believe in myself. And I want to become a great actor. I have someone who will watch me grow into something worth while. I've never had that. I quit school when I was in the 12th grade. My family fought my desire to become an actor. They wanted me to become a doctor. It is our togetherness that makes Cara mean so much to me. Before, I was always so alone, even with my family around me.

I cook Cara's breakfast. I delight in awakening her and sitting on the bed and watching her eat. When she arises to shower—she leaves a fragrance on the pillow.

I love her without make-up. Some women don't look as though they were born, but as though they were sculptured. She's like that, as if she had been molded by the hand of a divine artist, and had not come to life by birth. I never tire looking at her and I find I am lonely even if she is in the next room. That's how mad I am about my wife.

We experience all of the facets of marriage, laughter, love, disagreements, petty quarrels and making up. I'll watch her put on mascara and I'll mimic her until she's hysterical. And when she looks like a goddess of perfection, ready to go out, then she is completely irresistible. I can't check the impulse to run my hands through her hair. "Don't mess me, Johnny—we've got to go out," she'll say, while I'm covering the back of her neck with kisses.

My wife has a red-headed-temper and I have an Irish one. And the flare-ups we have only bring us closer. Out of great sentiment, I ordered our twin wedding rings with mine made tight, because I knew I would never remove it. When Cara tried to place it on my finger it wouldn't slip on. Later she asked me why. I tried to explain and, without being aware of it, we were shouting. She has such wonderful eyes. They are like looking into the bottom of a very clear lake and seeing the coral—for her irises are flecked with red. And when she is angry—WOW! We always calm down quickly and we are in each other's arms. And what we argue about is so unimportant that we can't even remember it.

I drive her to the studio when she is working and she, in turn, goes with me. We like to have dinner out and sit and talk about our lives, our plans, of which we never tire. When some man looks at her beauty I suddenly feel myself resenting it. Maybe it's jealousy, I'm not sure. But she is mine, all mine. My wife is the greatest thing to happen to me. **END**



David Niven and Dana Andrews having some man talk at Sam Goldwyn party.

ARE WOMEN CRAZIER THAN MEN?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43]

reach her. I asked her how she met the man she married, and this is what she had to say:

She was driving her car, he was walking along the pavement, and she was backing out of a driveway—and she knocked him down and ran over him. They took him to the hospital, and she felt so badly she visited him.

The poor man had been run over both ways, so that he was in plaster cast from his ankles to his neck. She brought him candy, and flowers, and one thing and another. They fell in love, and got married while he was still in the hospital.

"Did he ever get out of the cast?" I asked, without thinking.

The audience started to laugh, and she retorted, "How do you think I am in this condition?"

I shall remember the roar of that audience as long as I live. There were 5,000 people there, and I don't think I've ever been so embarrassed in my whole life—professionally or privately.

But it taught me one thing—that when it comes to poise in the most awkward of situations, a woman has it all over the stronger (?) sex!

One of the questions I am most frequently asked, "Are women more intelligent than men?" also defies a cut-and-dried answer.

Out of all the people I've interviewed on "People Are Funny" and "House Party," I've yet to really find out. It all depends, I've discovered, on the subject matter. I believe that women are more easily interviewed, tend to be more extroverted, and are more inclined to tell you their secrets.

However, I think that when it comes to the field of the home, family romance and other related subjects, women are more intelligent interviewees. Men, on the other hand, speak best of their work—the various kinds of endeavor that provide the security of the *whole* family—or the great adventure they've missed in life.

In both sexes, a highly intelligent person is often very self-conscious, a less intelligent person the tops in naturalness.

Most women tell me what they think their friends think they think! They say things for effect, and they are a little conscious of whatever lack of intelligence, or rather lack of information, they may have.

But as women grow older, they begin to realize that everybody doesn't know everything, and you don't have to pretend to be so smart. They tell you then just what they think. But men are different. They stay eternally young—and consequently less communicative!

Women are better off-hand talkers.

In the course of my work, I have found that women are better able to do any stunts on radio and television than men. Anything that calls for imaginative thinking is their meat, but when it comes to the men, their sense of reserve predominates over their talent for make-

believe, and for inventing a situation.

Here's a good example. Suppose I took a woman out of the audience and said, "Now I'm going to interview you, but not as *yourself*. Let's pretend, say, that you're a counterfeiter, the head of a gang, you're captured by the FBI, you've spilled the whole works, you're not holding back anything, and I'll be the interrogator.

"How long was the gang organized," I'd go on. "What denomination of bills were printed, how did you pass them, etc. etc?" What would happen is that this woman would very glibly, as a general rule, fall into the spirit of the game and give me a very imaginative interview.

The men are not prone to do this.

Perhaps another question you may want to ask is, "Are women funnier than men?"

I think that humor is a serious business, and the saying, "Laugh and the world laughs with you," is not always a true one. Most comedians I know are very serious about their business of making other people laugh. Whether it is Jack Benny, or Sid Caesar, Fred Allen, or Red Buttons, they all know how fragile a commodity it is. Because it is that fragile, I think that people tend

to laugh more in groups than alone.

Women, particularly, would rather enjoy a joke in a crowd, than face to face with the teller of the story. A cynic might say that is because they're afraid to miss the point, but the truth of the matter is that laughter is a contagious thing, and the bigger the party the merrier the result of the attempt to tickle the funny bone.

But—women or men—I think that the American people today are not serious-minded about some things. I believe that too many of us are concerned, as is natural and human, with our own little problems and our own little world, about every little thing that goes on. The bigger things slip by.

Being a nation of haves, instead of have-nots, I think we're not concerned enough with the responsibilities that democracy and freedom have placed on us. I think, then, that men recognize our bounties more strongly, and that women accept some of our difficulties with a little too much disinterest.

In "House Party," we have a rather popular department called, "Turn The Tables," a title which explains itself, and in which I let the audience turn *them* on me.

Anyone can ask any questions he wants. But the recurrence of the questions about my family and myself—and they're mostly encouraged to ask ques-



Art Linkletter and his wife at the Hotel Statler for the fifth annual awards dinner of the Academy of Television Arts and Sciences. He presided as M. C.

tions about TV, radio, motion pictures and the stars—are so numerous that we have had to warn people not to ask them. Mainly, because it gets so darned repetitive.

Invariably, they want to know how I met my wife.

If today I have any kind of doubt as to whether women are better people than men, my own courtship fails to straighten out the matter. I still don't know who, primarily, was responsible for the happy results. Me, with my daring, almost brash approach, or Lois Foerster, with her studied reserve.

I met my wife—perhaps I should say, “I first saw my wife”—at a college dance, and she was with a fraternity brother of mine who habitually found girls that I took from him. He was a bird dog, and anybody he liked, I liked. He knew this all too well from past experiences, and this time he wouldn't introduce us, wouldn't have anything to do with me.

Eventually, I made inquiries, found out who she was, and phoned her later.

The dialogue went this way:

“You're the girl with the sequin jacket who is such a good dancer.”

“You must be the fellow who was staring at me all evening.”

“That's right. I thought we should get together, because I like to dance too.”

“You'll have to talk to my mother. She never lets me go out with boys to whom I haven't been properly introduced.”

Finally, when I did talk to her mother, I gave her such a big song and dance that she let me (*a mature 20*) take out her daughter (*an adolescent 16*) who was still in high school.

I don't know what all this goes to prove in answering the question at hand—but here I was, an orphan who had been working my way through school, and practically around the world.

Thumbing my way, and often riding the rods through most of the states of the Union, I had been busboy in Chicago, stevedore on New Orleans docks, meat packer in Minneapolis, and coupon clerk on Wall Street during the historic days of the '29 crash.

Quite frankly, I had lived a wild life, and went with a fast gang, and now I found myself falling in love with a little hot house flower who knew no more about life than a bug in a laboratory.

All I know is that here we are, seventeen years and five kids later, and neither of us has ever tried to find out who was the real party who pulled off such a neat trick!

As for my work, the saying that it pays to be curious has certainly paid off well.

The extra-rich dividends have been a better understanding of human nature, a growing knowledge of what makes this brave, bright world of ours move on, a deepening humility that no individual is better than the one in front of him, or behind him.

But if I have any doubts whatever as to the real role woman plays in life today, at least I know that whatever she does, woman is having one heck of a lot of fun.

She may not be altogether crazier than man, but if she is, I sometimes wonder whether, in an existence dedicated to entertaining other people, I'm not making the meringue when she is making the pie!

END

find the one man with whom we can be happy. We are propelled by fate, as if each of us were travelling down a different road, only to join hands with the one we least expected at the crossroads. Our values change. The man we loved at eighteen would perhaps not be compatible at twenty-five or thirty. I don't think husbands and wives grow apart. I think mostly they grow in different ways, and sometimes in so doing, outgrow what once were mutual interests. It isn't wrong that this should happen. It's only wrong when they don't have the intelligence or the dignity to separate and go on from there! We have only one life to live, and everyone is seeking to find happiness!

In reviewing the different phases of Jane's life and career and Freddie's career, one can see that the happiness they will now find is certainly more solid, more mature, more enduring because of their experiences of the past. I think they are both fortunate that they were able to find each other at this particular time in their lives, when they both have so much to look forward to—a good, rich, colorful life. Some of us are not so fortunate with our own particular “fate.” Some of us do not have the determination nor the intelligence to take a forward step and act quickly and wisely at the right moment in our lives.

In a long and very lucrative career, Jane Wyman has always had an uncanny sense of the right timing. I believe that is almost more important than anything else. She has always demonstrated that she has talent, a provocative personality and a great zest for living. As a director, who once did a picture with her, said, “I'll always remember her as the cutest little kid on the lot, and no matter how small the part, when she was on the screen, you didn't look at anyone else. That makes a star! Although in those days, she wouldn't believe it, because the leading lady always got the leading man, and the best part in the script besides.”

While Jane was trying to go places and get the breaks in Hollywood, Freddie Karger, always a talented musician, was trying to make a place for himself, and it wasn't easy, although he had come from a family which had been established in the motion picture business. Jane and Freddie had gone their own ways, their paths never really crossing, until a few months before their elopement.

It is ironical that Jane Wyman, who, long before her career as an actress, had always been considered a “great singer of songs,” is now enjoying the luxury of having her voice discovered again. Should she decide not to make pictures any more, (*although Heaven forbid such a thing!*), she could still have a career as a topnotch singer. Many of her recordings have been in the hit category. She has a “zing” to her rhythms. She is also considered an artist of merit. This past Christmas, Hallmark brought out one of Jane's paintings as one of its best selling cards.

She has great plans for the future, which will probably be more exciting now that she has married someone who is as accomplished in his career as she is in hers. She has great respect for his talent, always the basis for a happy mar-

WHAT “I LOVE YOU” MEANS TO JANE

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37]

has never sung so sensationally and that Freddie's music was never lovelier. What could be more romantic in this most unpredictable world, where everything changes except the “ways of romance,” than that these two talented people should combine their talents to make “beautiful music forever.” Certainly they have the affection and the sincerest wishes of everyone who is always intrigued by a real love story. This story of their marriage has all the elements of a real romance.

Jane knew Freddie casually when she was married to Ronald Reagan. Freddie and Ronald used to play golf together. Jane didn't know him too well. She was always so busy with her career and with her children whom she is so mad about. She never dreamed that someday she would be married to Mr. Karger . . . and that Ronald would be married to Nancy Davis.

Their next meeting came about in a rather casual way. Jane had been having extraordinary success with recordings of songs she had made, and it was through

her contacting Freddie Karger to get an arrangement for a certain tune she wanted, that their romance really had its early beginnings.

“Freddie knows every song that was ever written, no matter how long ago, or how remote the song might be. I wanted to sing an old song that had a certain kind of rhythm, so I called him. He was very charming and suggested that he help me rehearse the number. I thought that was just swell . . . and so he did . . . and that's how this love story began!” Then she laughed, “now suppose I didn't want to sing that particular song . . . and suppose I hadn't called him . . . and suppose . . .”

(*I firmly believe they would have met again anyway, because when a girl can sing like Jane, and a man can play like Freddie, their love for music alone is enough to bring them together eventually.*)

However, that's what makes living so interesting—the unexpected. We must all go through certain phases, before we

riage. But this marriage has something more—the magic of music, the music which they both love so much.

"We have two pianos now, mine and Freddie's," she said, as she showed me the living room, where it had taken a little re-doing to put in both pianos. You can imagine the size of the living room, since both baby grands looked very cozy together. "We have music all the time. Freddie plays. I sing. Maurine and Terry, who is Freddie's daughter, and my Michael all join in. We have a real ball!"

Aside from playing the piano and arranging music for his lovely wife, Freddie Karger has three or four orchestras of his own. No fabulous party is complete without his music, no studio function is important without Freddie Karger's music.

"And I go along," says Jane. "And why not? I'm the wife of the orchestra leader and when the music gets high, wide and handsome, I just can't help singing a song or two!" The song goes for free, let it be recorded here. They probably couldn't afford the enormous figure she's worth. And only a girl with the slick sense of humor that Jane has, and the happy-go-lucky song in her heart these days, would just get up and sing for the fun of it, too.

She has been talking of selling her beautiful home in Bel Air and finding something less formal for herself, Freddie and the three children. "I want them all at home now. We're so happy together. We've been thinking of a ranch type house—you know, a rambling house—big enough for all the pianos and all the children, and the orchestra, itself, whenever all the musicians want to come over and have a jam session. As for my son, Michael, he's become very important these days. You see, he doesn't live with two females any more. There are two men around the house now—Michael and Freddie—and how Michael struts! I know he thinks it's a man's world!"

There is every indication that Mr. and Mrs. Karger will be very happy. They deserve each other at this particular time in their lives. Jane has had years of working, trying desperately to reach the top, and has attained her goal. She is a self-made woman, certainly, and knows the value of the "genuine." She has never appeared more radiant or happy. It has afforded her great pleasure, too, that her two children, Maurine and Michael, are so fond of Freddie. In the same way, she is devoted to his daughter Terry. "Terry is such a dear . . . and do you know," she said to me brightly, "Terry looks more like me than my own daughter Maurine does. Isn't that amusing? Terry is dark. Maurine has white blonde hair, quite unlike a daughter of mine!"

In spite of her many years in pictures, Jane still has the saucy, fresh-as-new-paint personality that has endeared her to fans everywhere. Yet she is a far cry from the cute little doll who could "never get out of the second line of the chorus, and never past Alice Faye, who was always dancing in the front line." It is a terrific tribute to her endurance and courage that she has far outdistanced any filly who started in the race, and has long since become a champion! She can speak of those early days with wit and gaiety,



Recently separated from hubby John Lindsay, Diana Lynn attends TV Awards with her press agent, Glenn Rose. She's now in N. Y. to do stage play—and forget.

and did so recently at a dinner given in tribute to her by the Masquers Club. She even did a "shuffle off to Buffalo" in the same costume, performing the same dance steps that she did in those early musicals. And she was just as piquant as ever. She demonstrated also that in spite of the fact that she has been given the title of "distinguished actress," she can match her shapely gambs with the best of them.

At the Masquers testimonial dinner many of the great of Hollywood spoke glowingly about her. Michael Curtiz, who directed her in "The Will Rogers Story," spoke of her unbounded talent. Will Rogers, Jr. related how much she had helped him play the part of his father in the picture—how much she had encouraged him. Jean Hersholt told of her devotion to the Motion Picture Relief Fund,

and how hard she had worked for those in the profession who no longer were able to make their own living. Jack Warner, head of Warner Brothers' Studio, said in effect that "any star who has stayed as long as Jane has at our studio, and has made as many friends as she has, deserves a banquet given for her at the Coliseum!" (*The Coliseum seats 100,000 people.*) But I think the speech she liked best is the one made by her handsome new husband, touched by the many honors paid to her. His words were simple and warm. "Everybody has said such wonderful things . . . but I . . . I can only say how much I love her!"

No woman, whether a great star or just an ordinary housewife, can ever hear her husband say anything more wonderful than that!

END

WHAT I FOUND OUT ABOUT NATIVE GIRLS

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 26]

(and, incidentally, lovers have to wait patiently for the moon, because they don't believe in romance without it), the boy and girl accept their hours of love with an eager and graceful charm which always leaves them fulfilled, yet yearning for more.

The American boy from home, lucky enough to reach this enchanting paradise, such as I was for my role in "Return To Paradise," is immediately captivated by these island maids, and temporarily forgets the girl back home and conventional ways of courtship. But only temporarily! Because, let's face it:

American girls, the girls-next-door, have charmed the world with not only their beauty and sweetness and sex-appeal—but with their great achievements in sports, in the arts, in business and their ability to set the pace in this so-called man's world. These are the girls that know and understand the boy-next-door. And these are the girls that are smart enough to know that every American boy gets homesick and dreams and

yearns for the things that are dear to him in the States—like a drive at night in dad's town car, or in his own old cut-down hot-rod, with his smooth American beauty close beside him.

Dates, drive-in movies, hot dogs, a day at the beach, juke boxes—but always with that "best girl" at his side. The "best girl" who knows what makes him tick, who knows that in a distant land he can never lose his heart to an island maid, and who also knows it's really only herself who completely understands and can take care of him.

Maira MacDonald, my girl friend in the film, is all these things. She has the combined characteristics of island girl and American girl. Charm—wit—beauty—sex!—talent. Maira made me leave part of my heart in Samoa. I still see her dark, shining eyes, her quick smile and hear her laughter and the American slang she tried so hard to use.

Someday I want to return to that island under the Southern Cross.

END

WHAT HOLLYWOOD ITSELF IS TALKING ABOUT

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11]

starring with him. Mr. O'C takes over the role Fred Astaire was to play in the remake of "Holiday Inn"—the picture that launched the song, "White Christmas."

Hollywood's gabbing about the fact that practically half the film colony is in New York, busying around with stage plays, personal appearances, television and, in some cases, just plain fun. This column took a fast, four-week whirl in Manhattan and it doesn't matter where you go in that town—you're bound to run into so many Hollywoodites that you think you're on Beverly Drive at home. The first refugee from the Beverly Hills I saw was the beautiful Lisa Ferraday, who is so busy in television in New York that she's sold her home on the West Coast and is settling permanently in the East, in a large and handsome penthouse apartment in which I settled comfortably as a house guest during my stay.

At the crack of dawn, Earl Blackwell (head of Celebrity Service and one of New York's most eligible bachelors) and I trekked to Grand Central Station to meet Louella Parsons and her entourage, just arriving from Hollywood. Just as the train came in, who should sneak up on us but Rosemary Clooney, whom I'd just said good-bye to at a Hollywood shindig a few days before. She and LOP are close friends—and believe me, you have to be devoted to someone to get up with the birds in that town to meet an early morning train. Miss C. and I compared gruesome notes on our air flights from Hollywood, both of us having gone through assorted rough flying weather, forced landings, and conked-out engines on the trip.

Next stop was the Maisonette Room of the St. Regis Hotel, where Hollywood's Connie Moore was opening in her delightful singing engagement. The gal's repertoire is sharp and witty and her clothes are divine. It's good to see Connie well on the way to a new success.

"21," the restaurant that's the hangout for all visiting firemen from Hollywood, had all necks craning when Humphrey Bogart walked in, dressed in California sport clothes (but with a necktie on). Bogey's been ousted from so many Manhattan smart spots that it's a bit of a novelty to see him welcomed by bistro proprietors. But the Kreindler Brothers—there are about a gillion of them—are real nice guys and they like eccentric members of the film colony.

Ran smack into that gorgeous redhead, Piper Laurie, at the Little Club. Piper's been out on p.a. tours for her studio, Universal-International, all over the country and wound it up in a blaze in New York. Rock Hudson flew in for a fast date with Piper and there was quite a buzz around town. But her heart's elsewhere—and so is his. Lunch

was with another actress—Mildred Natwick—who seems to prefer all the N.Y. television activity to Hollywood movies. But she's one of John Ford's favorite actresses and when he gets going again, our gal will be back.

Danny's Hideaway, a hangout for the movie world, was the lunch spot for the glamorous Rita Gam just before she departed for Europe and a picture. Rita's gams were clad in jodhpurs and boots—a very unusual sight in New York, which is always chic beyond words. But she had rushed from posing for a flock of stills right to the dining spot.

An experience no one should miss is the Bette Davis Broadway revue, "Two's Company." In spite of all the hassles and difficulties it took to get this show off the road and onto Broadway, and Bette's recurrent loss of voice, the thing is delightful to see. Bette doing a housewife-frump skit and a hill-billy number is one of the most hilarious evenings in the New York theatre.

Then to see Shirley Booth in "Time Of The Cuckoo"—ahhhhhh! The success she's had from "Come Back, Little Sheba" and this stage play is something all her pals are happy about. After the play we went back stage with Donald Murphy (you'll be seeing him in the movies after the play closes) to meet Miss Booth and I can tell you she's the most modest, shy, friendly big-time star you'd ever meet.

The Pen and Pencil Restaurant, rapidly becoming New York's MOST popular dining spot, was the scene of a fabulous party which Earl Blackwell threw for Louella Parsons and Margaret Ettinger. These gals are cousins and Maggie's the famous press agent. Earl's place cards for the men were on gold paper with photographs of the "Two Gals From Freeport, Ill." Place cards for the gals were hand-painted French scarves with sketches of Earl's Paris, London, New York, and Hollywood offices and each femme's name painted in the middle. After dinner some of Broadway's most famous people dropped in—Ethel Merman, Bette Davis and Gary Merrill, Yul Brynner, Reggie

and Nadia Gardiner, Zasu Pitts (appearing on Broadway in a revival of "The Bat"), Lillian Gish, Cobina Wright, the George Hearsts—and scads of others. The fun went on till dawn.

Practically the most delightful experience in the theatre—watching the antics of Beatrice Lillie in "An Evening With Beatrice Lillie." Her partner in the show is Reggie Gardiner, who never had it so good or was so funny.

Then the exciting opening of the Arthur Miller play, "The Crucible," with Hollywood's Arthur Kennedy in the lead role. See what I mean about Hollywood people being in NY?

We sort of flung a small ball for a few thousand friends—surprise guests of the evening were Bob and Mary Cummings, who had flown in from Detroit on a 500-mile an hour tail wind and arrived so fast they were still winging. They just stopped off long enough to say hello to a few pals and were off again to Hollywood for Bob's television show, "My Hero." The very fascinating Elizabeth Threatt excited a lot of comment on account of she's very handsome and keeps people in doubt about whether she's really part Indian or not. Nobody ever found out for sure. It was fun to see Marta Linden, who deserted Hollywood for the New York stage, Ben Lyon (he and Bebe Daniels are living permanently in London and doing TV and radio like mad), Ben Nedell and Olive Blakeney who seem to like New York better than you-know-where. Piper Laurie had columnist Earl Wilson (and his beautiful Rosemary) asking her lots of questions and she sort of divided herself up between other columnists Louella Parsons and Cobina Wright.

Caught a glimpse of Deborah Kerr and Tony Bartley at the Algonquin, fresh in from their Pacific Palisades home, for a fast tour of the theatres and night spots; had a wonderful evening with Glenda Farrell, who is commuting to the West Coast more and more often for pictures.

Yvonne De Carlo had all the men ogling her at Jerry Zipkin's party for Louella and Maggie. Saw Ella Raines, who is another deserter from Hollywood, in the large and gay bunch at Jerry's. END

MAGGI'S PRIVATE WIRE

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45]

That night when Betty got home she asked her daughter Babbie, age thirteen, at what point in the show did she realize that Betty wasn't really singing. Babbie replied, "As soon as they announced that you were going to sing!"

Several hospitals are planning to install television sets in rooms set aside for expectant fathers, so that their nerves

needn't be on edge during the ordeal. At first thought, the idea appealed to me, but now that I've given the plan further consideration I'm inclined to feel differently about it. Wouldn't TV shows, some TV shows, make those jittery men more irritable?

The success of "Omnibus" may pave the way for thousands of non-profes-

sional writers to get established, if amateur scribes are invited to submit story ideas to the brains behind "Omnibus" for use in future programs. An appeal to frustrated playwrights and comedy writers for samples of their talent might be the very thing television needs in the way of new material. Should this plan be put into effect, the producers of "Omnibus" will advise followers of the show. We just wanted to be the first to tell you here in TV-LAND . . .

Archie Bleyer, the man-with-the-baton on the Arthur Godfrey show, is an executive of a record company called Cadence Records in his spare time. The Bleyer outfit's first TV singing star to sign for a series of popular song platters is another Godfrey program attraction—Julius La Rosa. That's keeping it "in the Godfrey family," as it were . . .

Menasha Skulnik, the noted Yiddish Theatre comic who attempted a career on TV almost three years ago, then dropped out of sight when his shows were panned by video critics, will return to television this Summer. He's been a hit on Broadway in a play, "The Fifth Season," and has numerous offers to return to TV as a Summer replacement.

Neil Hamilton is somewhat bowled over by the reaction to the movie dialogue he uses so much on his "Hollywood Screen Test" show because it is being picked up

by the youngsters who watch the TV program. A recent letter to Neil from a viewer the other day told him that her young son was in bed with a cold the previous week and his mother decided to serve him breakfast in bed. When he was finished he shouted, "Hey, Mom, strike the dishes!" . . .

Jack Russell, handsome baritone featured on "Your Show Of Shows," likes to eat in cafeterias despite the fact he can well afford any dining spot in town. The reason is simple. Five years ago Jack worked as a night counterman in an off-Broadway cafeteria in order to support his wife, Mary, and their daughter, Patricia, then four. The young family was expecting another addition (that's Junior, now four) and jobs were scarce for singing-actors. While ladling out soup orders he overheard an agent telling a couple of actors about an audition for a new musical. Noting the time, place and name of the show, he decided to try his luck. He did and it was a lucky day.

COAST TO COAST CALLS: Marilyn Monroe may appear on a "live" telecast modeling the famous Maximilian Diamond discovered in Brazil in 1855 and once owned by Carlotta, Empress of Mexico. The gem valued at \$125,000, would be worn on a platinum chain by the film star who will soon be seen in "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes." The TV stunt will promote Miss Monroe's new film while the musical background to be

supplied, will be "Diamonds Are A Girl's Best Friend." The blonde siren will remain silent and not speak during the proposed show. Most male viewers insist Miss Monroe doesn't have to say a word as it is. Just having her stand there seems to be sufficient . . .

TV channels vying with each other to get better movies have caused stockholders in Republic Pictures to sit up and take notice. The money is rolling in because more than a hundred Republic feature films, all made within the past seven years, will be shown on TV. Musicals, comedies, adventure and mystery movies are included in the deal with nary a Western in the lot. Among the players who will brighten TV screens are Edward Everett Horton, Vera Vague, Ellen Drew, Nelson Eddy, Joan Davis (competing with her own TV show), Gail Patrick, Judith Anderson, Joe E. Brown, Louis Calhern, Wendy Barrie and Frances Langford.

Adolphe Menjou's "Favorite Story" requirements cause him to doff his superbly tailored suits for dull and colorless duds when particular character roles are portrayed. His wife, former actress Verree Teasdale, will join him in the hosting on the program, but only when narrator Menjou sports dinner clothes . .

Bing Crosby's four sons are being approached to star in a variety series which would stress a Western motif having the

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LOSE WEIGHT OR MONEY BACK

Crosby foursome operating a large ranch-house with visiting "tourists" entertaining informally. Pop would be earmarked as the show's first "guest star," with Uncle Bob Crosby to follow subsequently . . .

Eve Arden's husband, actor Brooks West, is rumored about set to replace Bob Rockwell as "Our Miss Brooks" hero when the popular TV show begins its second year . . .

Rather than have their old "Thin Man" films released for TV, William Powell and Myrna Loy have approved the plan to produce an entirely new series of the comedy-dramas in which they would co-star as of yore. The new telefilms will feature stars of the past in major roles in an endeavor to find employment for former Hollywood greats . . .

George Raft's telefilm series, "I Am The Law," has renewed interest in his screen career to the extent he once again commands top salary and the right to approve his scripts . . .

If Hollywood's Collier Young has his way, he'll co-star his current wife, Joan Fontaine, in a dramatic TV series with Ida Lupino, his ex-wife . . .

John Agar's career was at its most promising best when he had his second brush with the law. His own thirteen weeks series was being lined up by his agent, and six guest shots on shows such as the Ford Theatre had to be cancelled . . .

THOUGHTS WHILE DIALING: Every-time I see Dave Garroway I'm amazed at his relaxed manner and the energy with which he bounds about town. I'm sure his must be the roughest daily schedule in TV circles, yet he's forever calm, never disheveled and as easy-going as you please. I know he must be a constant source of wonder to his harried fellow-workers inasmuch as a typical Garroway day goes something like this:—

He starts with breakfast at 3 a.m. and rehearses for his NBC-TV network show, "Today," from 4 a.m. until 7 a.m.. The two-hour program ends at 9 a.m. and from then until noon he attends staff meetings and answers his fan mail. After lunch he rehearses and broadcasts an afternoon radio show ("Dial Dave Garroway") which invariably is followed by more meetings with agency and sponsor representatives of his "Today" telecast until dinner at 7 p.m. Agency and sponsor meetings, incidentally, like TV rehearsals, are as time-consuming for every TV performer as they are essential to the sustained success of any TV show.

Dave gets to bed each weekday night at 8 p.m. (when most of his fans are comfortably settled at home watching their TV sets for hours to come) and sets his alarm for 3 a.m. His topsy-turvy life begins again at the sound of the alarm and he finds he has too little time for the pursuit of his pet hobbies—sports car racing, hot jazz and golfing. Of all his hobbies, his favorite form of relaxation is stargazing. He's interested in astrology and



Nina Foch has been working hard for the Cancer Society and urges all to donate.

although as he says, "the stars are just coming out when I'm going in to sleep," he makes up for it on weekends by staying up as late as midnight, on Saturdays. That's his big treat of the week.

CALLING CUPID: Piper Laurie appeared on "The Stork Club Show," "Toast Of The Town" and "Do You Want To Be A Star" during her recent Gotham visit in order to help promote "Mississippi Gambler." When she wasn't racing to and from TV stations, she'd relax at "21" while being interviewed by newspaper and magazine editors. Not once during her stay in New York did she have a real date. Rock Hudson came to town for a twenty-four hour visit and took her out for breakfast, lunch, dinner, theatre, and supper, with cocktail parties and dancing in-between times. They had a great around-the-clock fun time together, but despite reports elsewhere, this is NOT a "romance." As Piper said to me at "21," "I wish I did have a real honest-to-goodness boy friend in New York. Rock and I are having a 'studio romance,' that's all!"

John ("The Lone Ranger") Hart and Vera-Ellen made Valentine's Day their own by virtue of a two-hour long distance telephone call Coast-to-Coast . . .

NOW IT CAN BE TOLD: That stunning crystal mink stole Mrs. Sandra Berle wears is another gift from her son Milton Berle. Knowing that Sandra must have every type of precious fur imaginable, a friend inquired as to the how and why of her newest pelt. The explanation was simple, "Years ago Milton ruined a fur piece of mine and ever since he's been doing everything he can to replace it. Just like he promised." On the surface, that's the story, but the crystal mink, along with all the other furs Milton Berle has given the mother he loves so much, is symbolic of something that happened years ago and few of his friends and fans know the meaning.

Berle, who has been in show business thirty-nine of his forty-four years, made his first stage appearance at the age of five. This occurrence took place in Mount Vernon, N. Y., at an amateur contest, when he dressed up as Charlie Chaplin

for Hallowe'en. In order to make an authentic moustache, the five-year-old took a tuft from his mother's only fur piece. He took many tufts until he was satisfied with the one he wanted. The ruined fur couldn't be repaired and Sandra Berle, who always encouraged her young son in his theatrical ambitions, decided his aspirations were more important than her astrakan fur cape. Realizing what he had done, young Milton promised his mother he'd make it up to her "later on." He has.

That very Hallowe'en night, his mother spent \$1.35 taking him up to Mount Vernon from their apartment in the Bronx, in order for Milton to win a \$2.00 cup. But win it he did, astrakan moustache and all, and it gave Mama Berle an idea. A week later, he was given a job in one of the Pearl White thrillers, "The Perils Of Pauline." He's worked ever since.

AUSPICIOUS OCCASION: Night club history was made the night Anne Jeffreys and husband Robert Sterling began their joint supper club debuts in the Empire Room of the Hotel Waldorf-Astoria. Beautiful Anne and handsome Bob had every topflight celebrity in town out for the auspicious occasion. Great names from stage, screen and TV applauded Anne and Bob and among those we spotted at ringside tables were Jane Froman, Walter Winchell, Frank Fontaine, Milton Berle, Sid Caesar, Imogene Coca, Sarah Churchill, Victor Borge, Faye Emerson, Bud Collyer, Roxanne and Jackie Gleason.

Anne, who has been wooed on the screen by Frank Sinatra, Robert Mitchum, Pat O'Brien, Robert Ryan and Randolph Scott, talked her husband into teaming up with her. While Bob was busy with his TV assignments, the beautiful Mrs. Sterling was turning down lucrative night club engagements because she didn't want to be separated from Bob and hated to leave New York and not make her TV guest shots, too. On a dare, Bob, who has made love on the movie screens to Greta Garbo, Lana Turner, Claudette Colbert, June Allyson, Gloria Grahame and Ava Gardner, brushed up on his singing lessons and the rest has become what we told you in the beginning—night club history in New York. No easy feat that. You've got to have talent in order to make Gotham cafe critics toss their napkins into the air, which is just what they did for Anne and Bob at the Waldorf. An exciting night it was, too.

TV AND MOVIE GET-TOGETHER: It would be hard to imagine how anyone can ever duplicate the glamour and excitement of the recent New York premiere of "The Jazz Singer" held at the famous Paramount Theatre in Times Square. It was a glittering event for the thousands of fans who jammed Broadway outside, and it was thrilling for the thirty-seven hundred people indoors who, collectively, had paid out \$40,000 for the privilege of witnessing the first screen performance of the film starring Danny Thomas and Peggy Lee.

Before Dennis James and I introduced the arriving celebrities in the Paramount

lobby to our TV audience, I joined the Danny Thomases, Brad Dexters, Faye Emerson and Skitch Henderson, the Dennis Jameses, Maria Riva, Joe E. Brown, Robert Taylor, Hazel Scott and dozens more at a special buffet dinner which was given in the private suite of offices of Leonard Goldenson, President of United Paramount Theatres. There were so many notables at the party that we were afraid we'd lose a few en route to the theatre. Our luck held out and when Elsa Maxwell wasn't being stopped by Salvador Dali stepping on her train, the steady parade of arriving personalities made our telecast colorful and tremendously gay. Zsa Zsa Gabor, Dagmar, Anne Jeffreys and Bob Sterling, Jane Pickens (who sang the National Anthem), Earl Blackwell with Lisa Kirk, Johnnie Ray, Betty and Jane Kean, Jackie Gleason and Roxanne were among the many who attended.

Earl Wilson, Chairman of the Special Events Division for the March of Dimes, announced that the entire proceeds of the event were for the benefit of the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis. The special performance was made possible by Warner Brothers Pictures and the Paramount Theatre who absorbed all

costs of the initial showing of "The Jazz Singer" so that the money collected might help the March of Dimes in its fight against polio. Danny Thomas and Peggy Lee took over on stage and after singing, struck a serious note when they told the audience that "if there's a star, a real star in this picture, it's Michael Curtiz." The applause following that tribute to the director of "The Jazz Singer" was deafening.

Before leaving the stage, Peggy told the spectators that in all the times (eight exactly) she played engagements at the Paramount Theatre, this night would live long in her memory as the greatest night in her life. She cried when she walked off into the wings. The following day word was received that viewers of the TV premiere program had mailed in, voluntarily, their personal contributions so that they too could share in the good fun for so worthy a cause. It was an exciting, touching event, a great, big wonderful night for all concerned. I'm happy to have been a part of it.

END

Hear Maggi broadcast her radio version of "Maggi's Private Wire" at 12:15 P.M. E.S.T. Monday through Friday over WABC, New York.

DANTON WALKER'S HOLLYWOOD ON BROADWAY

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19]

long in the very funny play. Ralph Meeker and Janice Rule also picked a hit in "Picnic."

Mark Stevens, another refugee from Sunset Boulevard, was raised to star billing after his Gotham stage debut in "Mid-Summer," but only because his leading lady, an absolute unknown named Geraldine Page (who played a bit part in the film, "Taxi"), was greeted with opening night raves by the drama critics. Paul Crabtree and Frank Hale, producers of the click play, elevated her to stardom for a two-fold reason. First, because she so richly deserves the honor; secondly, because it meant insuring a longer run for the play. Mark Stevens refused to step aside and allow Miss Page to take solo star billing over the name of the show. Had he done so he would have endeared himself forever more to theatrical managers in New York (to say nothing about his movie fans). He might have won more friends and greater admiration as an actor as well as a person had he permitted the marquee to glitter with the name of Geraldine Page. Ladies First, at least, Mr. Stevens!

Producers and agents have been blocking Geraldine's dressing room door but she has to decline all lucrative offers. She's tied to a seven-year contract with Charles K. Feldman and her first major screen role will be in the future production of "The Wayward Bus," which William Saroyan has adapted from the John Steinbeck novel. Miss Page once checked hats in Lindy's Restaurant on Broadway while struggling to gain recognition as an

actress. She's been eating there regularly ever since her overnight stardom and it is friends such as Irene Dunne, Patricia Neal, Marlene Dietrich, Deborah Kerr and Eleanor Parker who vie with each other to share her nightly supper table at the all-night restaurant.

Since this is the year wherein Hollywood has decided to expose itself to the paying public via such fine films as "The Star" and "The Bad And The Beautiful," several film players should be told that their conduct in and around New York is hardly above reproach. What an actor does during the requirements of a screen assignment, is one thing, but what he or she does while visiting Manhattan on vacation, is something else again. Judy Garland should be spanked for the way she dresses and the fact that she's usually overweight doesn't add any to her personal appearance. A slim Judy, the kind most reporters have always respected and loved, is a joy to behold. Mussy hair, tweed suits and sloppy coats are unflattering to her, and friends have been shocked at her lack of interest in herself. The blame is usually given to Sid Luft, her husband, but as most movie fans know, it's up to the individual to be perfectly groomed at all times.

David Wayne, who plays Sol Hurok, the impresario, in "Tonight We Sing," the Ezio Pinza-Roberta Peters movie about concert artists and opera stars, likes to dabble in paint. When he came to Gotham for the premiere festivities attendant on the opening of "Tonight We Sing," he learned that the only original oil painting

ever executed on canvas by Sol Hurok was not available for display at the Radio City Music Hall because its owner had left town. But photos of the painting were obtained and David Wayne set about to duplicate the original. He did such a good job that Ezio Pinza and Roberta Peters both asked if Wayne would sell the portrait to them. Wayne declined and explained he had promised it to Mr. Hurok who insisted it was better than the original!

Stars such as Joan Crawford, Dorothy Lamour, Janet Leigh, Tony Curtis, Betty Hutton, Bob Wagner and Debbie Reynolds should individually or collectively take Rosemary Clooney aside and explain the facts of life-as-a-movie-star to her. Paramount's white hope for 1953, who is being given every conceivable chance to be this year's brightest new star, has been ducking interview assignments in New York and that's not good. Matter of fact, for someone as new in motion pictures as Rosemary Clooney, this could well be the kiss of death to a promising career. Marilyn Monroe, who is notorious for being late for any appointment (hairstresser, dentist or photographer), may be detained anywhere from fifteen minutes to an hour, but she'll show up and when she does, well, it's usually the person who has been kept waiting who apologizes. In the case of Rosemary Clooney, she just doesn't show up for press appointments, nor does she offer any excuse or apology for her absence to the reporter or interviewer who had waited and waited. It's new, this season at least, for any of the up-and-coming stars to treat newspaper and magazine writers that way. Rosemary Clooney had better mend her ways before long or soon there won't be any scribes to disappoint, only her fans, who to date think she can do no wrong. It must be explained that only her fans think along those lines.

With Tyrone Power starring on Broadway in "John Brown's Body," the fact that he must surely be the Last of the Hollywood Glamour Boys was brought to mind forcibly when such fellow-stars as Wendell Corey and Paul Douglas were spotted in the audience at the Century Theatre. Douglas, who is admittedly homely, and Corey who is talented yes, but no Apollo, are not great romantic figures. They are hardly dashing, smooth and slickly handsome enough to make them the idols of panting feminine fans. Ty Power, who has reigned as the King of the Passionate Kiss for almost a decade, doesn't have any competition from Marlon Brando, whose uncultured speech is as unglamorous as it is unpleasant, and, we dare say, unnecessary. Montgomery Clift isn't any fashion plate, preferring to be messy rather than dressy, and Kirk Douglas could hardly ever replace Fredric March or Ronald Colman in the memories of movie fans of a bygone era. The days of Ramon Novarro, Rudolph Valentino, Richard Barthelmess, John Gilbert and Francis X. Bushman are gone forever. It will even take more than a "Mogambo" with Ava Gardner to get Clark Gable back up on top of the heap. That leaves Tyrone Power, young enough to

reign as King for some time to come. The fact that he has matured greatly as an actor enhances those chances to sustain his popularity in the years ahead.

Dana Andrews dropped in to hear Johnnie Ray at the Copacabana and during the course of their conversation it was Dana who told the singer that the funniest thing that had ever happened on a movie set he was working on occurred during the filming of Sam Goldwyn's "Edge Of Doom" three years ago. Twenty-five human derelicts enjoyed an enormous hot meal gratis when the RKO picture was on location in the Los Angeles slums. The catering company hired to supply the actors with man-sized hot lunches had pulled its mobile kitchen-truck into a vacant lot and lunch was almost over before it was discovered that many of the derelicts had dined heartily. They had merely joined the line in which film extras and bit players dressed as "skid row" dwellers were moving toward the chow wagon. By the time the real actors got to the wagon there was no more food.

BRIEFS: Corinne Calvet, never satisfied with what she sees of herself on screen since she's constantly striving for improvement, walked out of a screening of "Thunder In The East" in a Broadway movie house on the verge of tears when she found the audience laughing in the wrong places . . .

Mary Sinclair, the "Arrowhead" star, detained by traffic congestion due to construction work on Fifth Avenue, breezed into the Stork Club and said, "I'd like New York if they ever get it finished!" Her luncheon companions howled throughout lunch over that one . . .

Harvey Lembeck, Joyce Holden, Glen Roberts, Patricia Hardy and Jaclynne Greene, young stars of "Girls In The Night," enjoyed their joint visit to New York so much that they vowed to hold an annual reunion each Valentine's Day at Danny's Hide-a-way . . .

The most sensational news scoop of the month in Gotham concerns the hush-hush plans to make a movie in Manhattan of "Man Into Woman," the diary of the Danish painter, Einar Wegener, who after an operation became Lillian Wegener, married and bore children. Published by Popular Library, the book, upon which the movie will be based will cash in on the international publicity received by the George-into-Christine Jorgenson news stories.

A flock of visiting society leaders turned out to welcome actress-singer Constance Moore during her brilliant Maisonette engagement at the St. Regis. The Infanta Maria Cristina of Spain and her husband, the Marquis and Marquessa de Cuevas, the Duke and Duchess of Windsor, Count Enrico Marone Cinzano, the Baron and Baroness Von Hoynigen-Huene and Count Lanfranco Rasponi were a few who joined Rex Harrison, Lilli Palmer, Walter Pidgeon, Deborah Kerr, Rock Hudson, Piper Laurie, Madeleine Carroll, Eleanor Parker, Robert



Bert Friedlob, Melvin Frank, Eleanor Parker at "Above And Beyond," preem.

Mitchum, George Raft, Robert Cummings and James Mason in making every night a gala night for the popular singing star . . .

Rene Jeanmaire, the "Hans Christian Andersen" ballerina, has been in conference with play producer Shepard Traube almost nightly over his suggestion that she star in the operetta, "The Girl In The Pink Tights," in New York early next year. Before departing for Paris, Jeanmaire indicated she was interested. Upon her return, she was still anxious to hear more about the musical work, to the extent that she had Danny Kaye listen to the show's musical score one night after his Palace Theatre show . . .

Fred Zinnemann, who directed such young actors as Marlon Brando, Montgomery Clift, Julie Harris and John Ericson in their screen debuts ("The Men," "The Search," "Member Of The Wedding" and "Teresa"), sat unrecognized in the Astor Drug Store as autograph-collectors milled about waiting for a chance to see Joni James, the singer, so that they might get her signature. Zinnemann, who will direct the all-star cast of "From Here To Eternity" (Sinatra-Lancaster-Clift-Deborah Kerr), smiled as he left the counter and plodded his way through the youngsters who would have swooned had they known who he was . . .

Geraldine Brooks and Myron McCormack (he's featured in the long-run Broadway hit, "South Pacific") were an on-again, off-again romance only because of her infrequent trips to New York. But they date steadily now she is in town . . .

Jack Dempsey's life story cannot be made into a motion picture because of the expense it would entail. Every major principal involved in his fabulous career would have to be paid terrific sums of money for the right to be depicted in any filmization of the Dempsey career. His appearance in the Bob Hope-Mickey Rooney-Marilyn Maxwell comedy, "Off Limits," brought many a nostalgic tear to the eyes of hardened Broadway characters who witnessed his screen performance at a sneak preview at the Astor Theatre . . .

Bette Davis can be credited with helping to influence so many New York women to adopt the Mamie Eisenhower bangs. Everywhere she'd appear after a performance of her musical, "Two's Company," she'd make every woman within sight notice her hairdo. In the Powder Room at Gogi's Larue, she actually cut a fan's hair to affect the same bangs, when the young girl begged her to do so . . . Only thing Miss Davis did that was different was to wear heavy false eyelashes night and day!

The daughter of a famous New York theatrical acting family may file a lawsuit on or about October 1st over the similarity of her own life and that of the one portrayed by Lana Turner in "The Bad And The Beautiful" . . .

The historic Empire Theatre which is to be torn down late this Summer to make way for a new office building (it is currently housing Shirley Booth in "Time Of The Cuckoo") will be the subject of a semi-documentary film to be made by an independent producer in Gotham using famous actors and actresses in scenes from the stage plays they made famous in the distinguished playhouse . . . Helen Hayes, Alfred Lunt, Lynn Fontanne, Julie Harris, Katharine Cornell, Ethel Barrymore and Billie Burke are among the many . . .

Kurt Kasznar asked the New York office of MGM if they would screen "Lili" for him so that he might see friend Zsa Zsa Gabor's performance in the Leslie Caron starrer. The date was set. Unbeknown to Kasznar, his fellow-Hungarian Zsa Zsa had made a similar request for a special showing the same date of "Sombbrero" in which Kasznar appears with Pier Angeli. So what happened! Both Zsa Zsa and Kurt arrived at the MGM projection room in the Loew's State Theatre Building and the movie shown was "I Love Melvin" in which neither of them appear.

Lisa Ferraday had Pen & Pencil diners, the male contingent, dropping their steaks for higher stakes—the opportunity of helping her retrieve a few 14 karat gold gadgets which had slipped from her plastic box-like handbag when she got up from her table. Thanking the gentlemen who helped her find her personal effects she started to leave the steak house and as she approached the door, she bumped into an incoming patron and her handbag again flew open, causing a repeat of the earlier incident. Since the man she collided with happened to be Richard M. Nixon, Vice President of the United States, she did all the apologizing . . .

Joan and Constance Bennett, who have been touring the nation in separate plays, have confided to Broadway pals that they would welcome the chance to co-star in a new stage play in New York before resuming their film careers in Hollywood. Currently in "I Found April," Connie Bennett almost played the same town, New Haven, Connecticut, the same week her sister Joan was starring in "Bell, Book And Candle." **END**

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